

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

No. 51.—VOL. II.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1856.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1856.

THE year 1856 is drawing to a close, and with it are accumulating "the festivities of the season." "Thanksgiving" has already been celebrated, and thousands of hearts have been cheered, and decaying friendships have been vivified, around the social board by the observance of this time-honored custom, that would otherwise have slumbered in eternal coldness. It is happy in our physical and mental organization that sorrow is not indelible, and that the greatest of losses, time, is not fully comprehended. Twelve months have nearly expired: how many have their passage brought to the grave, how many to ruin, how few to happiness; and yet we properly rejoice, come together in our social gatherings, make our hearts glad with wine, (if we can afford it,) kill the "fatted calf" in the shape of corpulent turkeys, monstrous chickens, and oleaginous pigs, eat, drink, and are merry—blessed institution of forgetfulness—kind Providence, that we can have light hearts, vivid imaginations, and a hopeful future, in spite of the past and in defiance of all ex-

perience. The year has not been fruitless of startling events, and history will for a time to come point out some "episodes" as mile-stones along the pathway of existence. The Crimean war was concluded, the commencement of the foundations of a new Sebastopol and the coronation of Alexander II., make 1856 especially memorable to northern Europe. In Central America we have the advent of General Walker and the commencement of his strange and eventful career. France has had extraordinary "inundations of the Loire," and more extraordinary quiet, because the pressure of government has not permitted a throe in the body politic. England has accomplished nothing in the way of progress, except an increase to her public debt and an addition to her theoretical philanthropy. Italy, in spite of the Red Republicans, is still in chains. Austria is morally dead; the nationalities of Hungary and Poland only exist in the dreams of homeless Poles and poverty-stricken Kossuths. Our own account as a people has little to startle and much to regret. Those mad pests in the body politic, the Mormons, are increasing

in power, in defiance of public opinion and their open licentiousness. In all creation, from immemorial time, has their never been presented to the eyes of the world such a charnel house of iniquity, such a stench in the nostrils of offended Deity as daily goes up from Utah. Society is brutalized, marriage scoffed at, children spurned from the parental roof, and woman, by the brute power of the uncontrolled passions of man, is degraded below the beasts of the field—it would seem as if Sodom and Gomorrah were enacted over again upon the fair plains of the mighty West, and the people of the thirty-one Christianized States of this confederacy, the national government, the moral men of the community, the ministers of the gospel, and woman herself, elevated and perfected under the benign influences of our Christianity, all—all—seem to forget the wickedness of this monstrous iniquity of Utah, and leave the fiends, madmen and fanatics who have it in charge to go on glorying in their leprous wickedness. Would that the year of 1856 could have been remembered as the era when this foul stain upon our national



CHINESE SCHOOL-HOUSE, FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING, MADE BY AN OFFICER OF THE PERRY JAPAN EXPEDITION. SEE NEXT PAGE.

character had been wiped out, and when Brigham Young and his associates had, for their polygamy and bigamy, been consigned to the unrelenting walls of the penitentiary and prison house. As a nation, we shall not in 1866 have to mourn the departure of eminent statesmen. The crop has evidently been some time since exhausted, and when one professedly in "that line of precedence" falls, we only miss a successful politician, the world being neither richer or poorer for the loss. We remember nothing in 1866 in the literary world of striking import, no work has been produced that has loomed out from the "general respectability"—science has pursued a plodding course, and divinity is only noticeable for some of its eminent exemplars losing their distinctive character in secular concerns. The commercial world has been on the whole "quiet," there having been no inducement among the conductors of the "metropolitan press" to create a "panic."

"Thanksgiving" for 1866 has passed, and much, indeed, have we to be thankful for; with the most miserable, things might be worse, and the most happy should not forget the turning—ever-changing wheel of fortune. The Christmas holidays will soon be upon us, and then will follow the jolly time of "New Year's Day." Let the current Anno Domini go out, therefore, with due rejoicing—let the mistakes we have made in morals and business be corrected, enriching ourselves by good acquired from our dear-bought wisdom. For ourselves, we shall close up the Second Volume of our Illustrated Paper, and open the Third under auspices the most favorable, and with promises of increased success, being determined, not only to record the events of the succeeding year, but reflect its features with more fidelity than we have the one that is past, and thus, quietly, and nevertheless, faithfully, perform our promised labor, and have a good cause for rejoicing on each "Thanksgiving Day."

A CHINESE SCHOOL-ROOM.

In presenting our sketch of juvenile Chinese life to our readers, it is proper for us to state that the original sketch was taken by a gentleman attached to Commodore Perry's Japan expedition, who had the inestimable privilege of looking in upon the scene before us, having time afforded, without molestation, to complete his "counterfeit resemblance." It is needless for us to say that neither the children nor the master could make many verbal explanations that could be understood, but there was, for all that, much that spoke intelligently to the heart, for one touch of nature makes Chinese and Americans akin. We have authentic records of the common school system of the Chinese, but we perceive it is founded on the same liberal principles which characterize our New England similar institutions. China boys, it will be observed, resemble boys everywhere, and we are certain every Yankee mother can feel no other than half affection for these little inceptive "yellow skins" and "prospective pigtails." They are pet boys of Mrs. Yang Twang, Mrs. Chung Fung and Co., who live in the neighborhood, and are remarkable for tea-drinking, small feet, and scandal. The teacher has a limited role, no doubt, and after inculcating some general principles from Confucius, that boys who eat too much will have the bellyache; or boys who disobey their parents will get bastinadoed; or boys who are not piously inclined, and do not worship the fat pig and big Josh in the neighboring temple will be sawed in two, or be chopped up to feed long-tailed dragons in the spirit land; he then instructs them in the art of bowing, and gyrating, and cultivating their pigtails, the highest perfection of which is, to get it to a most interminable length, and encourage its growth to the outer absorption of the natural material that would otherwise develop the eyes and intellectual faculties, a thing a true Chinaman has more horror of than a sailor feels for the marines. The walls of the school-room, it will be perceived, are ornamented with a little chapel in which is placed the presiding deity of schoolmasters, and besides this, to produce a proper moral effect on the minds of the scholars, there is a fine representation of the devil, armed with a long sword, ready at any moment to "cut down" the stubborn, chop up the wicked, and eat up the bad generally and particularly. So much for Chinese schools, which, after all, are not so much unlike our own as people generally imagine, as children are more or less alike everywhere.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

By the arrival of the City of Washington at Philadelphia we have four days later advices from Europe. Their contents are unimportant. The Neapolitan question remains in *status quo*. It is stated that it has been agreed between England, Austria and the Porte, that the occupation of the Black Sea and of the Principalities shall be prolonged. The influence of Russia in the latter was reported to be daily increasing. The ultimatum of England has been forwarded to Persia, and the Persian besieging army of Herat had taken possession of that city and were fortifying it. In Spain the law of 1844 on the press had been re-established. The political news tends greatly to confirm the belief, now generally entertained, that the Anglo-French Alliance is drawing to a close. A dispatch from Constantinople announces that Anglo-Austrian diplomacy has triumphed in the fall of the Turkish ministry—that the Principalities will not be evacuated, and that the British squadron in the Black Sea will be immediately reinforced. While in Turkey the policy of England and Austria is united, that of France and Russia is also united in an opposite direction. The London *Post* arraigns Russia for high crimes and misdemeanors, and accuses her of attempting to overthrow the Western Alliance, but believes that her maneuvers will fail. But from the general tone of the English and French press, as well as from other unmistakable signs of the times, it is clear that the alliance will soon be severed. How far this event, whenever it happens, will affect the peace of Europe, is an issue which it is impossible to foresee. It will at least be followed by new complications in the already disturbed condition of European affairs. The Neapolitan question has undergone no change since last advices, but seems to have been superseded for the present by matters of graver interest. The financial accounts both from London and Paris continue unfavorable.

Nicaragua.

General Walker, on the 1st instant, was still at Granada, largely reinforced, and occupying a strong position. The battles won by him at Masaya and at the capital were more readily gained by the use of weapons rather novel in that part of the world, and recently forwarded to him from the United States. Two mountain howitzers and a respectable number of rifles did great execution in the ranks of the enemy. An efficient corps of sappers and miners cut their way through the houses at Masaya, and rendered the advance of Walker's artillery and rifles comparatively easy and safe. The shelling was accurate, and wherever a bomb fell the enemy disappeared. The enemy's forces consisted of San Salvadorians and Guatemaltecos, who had declared themselves invincible; but they were defeated with great losses, while those of Walker were quite inconceivable. We infer from the tenor of our despatches that he is now in very little danger from future attacks. We get nothing further in relation to the revival of slavery in Nicaragua, and presume we have heard the last of that movement. Among the passengers arrived in the Texas is a new minister to the United States, Don Fernan F. Ferrer, not only a native of the country he represents, but distinguished for having held several important cabinet appointments, and at one time was its Provisional President. He is reported to be a man of ability, thoroughly acquainted with the political history of Nicaragua, and its resources, mineral, agricultural, and commercial. The allied forces which recently invaded Nicaragua behaved during their temporary advance with the utmost cruelty towards the native inhabitants. They pillaged their houses, drove them into the swamps, forced them into the ranks with halberds round their necks, and exposed them thus bound to the fire of their American friends. Women and children were murdered in cold blood, and one loud wail followed the footsteps of the barbarians. All these circumstan-

ces favor the future of General Walker, if he manages his affairs judiciously, since to him can the natives look with confidence for protection. On the whole, then, judging from the tenor of our despatches, we think his cause is looking up. The invasion is probably at an end; his enemies are routed, and will not soon make their appearance again in the field. The Costa Ricans have declared their unwillingness to venture any more out of their own territory. Recruits are joining General Walker from the United States, and some military men of experience and military education have recently joined him, and are bringing the artillery into excellent practice. It seems quite improbable, therefore, that he will meet any future reverses. His personal bravery, his coolness under the most trying emergencies, his encouragement of the industry of the people, and his efforts to improve their condition, have made him a popular chief, and indicate the qualities of a sagacious ruler. The prosperity of Nicaragua is, therefore, intimately connected with his final success. The transit route being reopened, will give him great advantages in conducting his future operations, as well as in drawing in large numbers of emigrants. It is the interest of the commercial world—it is especially that of the United States—that Nicaragua should now settle down into peace and tranquillity, and our latest advices encourage the hope that this state of things is near at hand.

CUBA AND SAN DOMINGO.

Our correspondent at Havana, writing on the 10th instant, states that news had been received from St. Domingo to the effect that the Spanish consul, Segovia, was prosecuting his plan for the annexation of that republic to Spain with unabated zeal, aided by the influence of the French and English consuls. General Baes had been inaugurated President instead of Santana, who was removed from the executive through Spanish influence. Baes, however, was not so pliant a tool as Segovia expected, and objected to the indiscriminate arming of his troops with weapons from Cuba. Baes, still holding possession of the public stores and armories, was prepared to maintain the integrity of his country to the last extremity. The runaway Mexican war-steamer *Hurricane*—La Democrata, another report says—had arrived in port at Havana, with her commander, young Vega, on board. If she did not return to her duty she would be treated as a pirate; and she was already under the surveillance of the Spanish war boats. Her officers say that they ran off with the vessel from Matanzas in order to save her from Comonfort's enemies. General Almonte, Mexican minister to London, was in Havana.

NAVY.

LIEUT. JOHN S. MAURY has been detached from the receiving ship *Pennsylvania*, and ordered to take passage in the United States steamer *Wabash* to Panama, and report for duty on board the United States ship *St. Mary's*, in the Pacific.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MAJOR EATON—GENERAL JACKSON'S FIRST CABINET.—Major John H. Eaton died in Washington, November 17th, in the 70th year of his age. The famous cabinet of President Jackson, which "came together like a unit," and was dissolved, as so many ministries have been in Europe, by a pretty woman, consisted of Martin Van Buren, of New York, Secretary of State; Samuel D. Ingham, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of the Treasury; John H. Eaton, of Tennessee, Secretary of War; John Branch, of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy; Wm. T. Barry, of Kentucky, Postmaster-General; and John M. Berrien, of Georgia, Attorney-General. John C. Calhoun was Vice-President, and Alexander Macomb Commander of the Army. Of these all are now dead except Mr. Van Buren, who "still lives" at Lindenwald, and Samuel D. Ingham, who distinguished himself during the recent campaign by a hearty support of John C. Fremont, as the only candidate whose election would secure a continuance of the liberties of white men in the United States. John H. Eaton was born in Halifax, on the Roanoke river, in North Carolina, in the year 1787, and was educated in the University of North Carolina, near Hillsborough. After leaving the University he emigrated to Tennessee, where he became a member of the bar; and entering warmly into politics, rose so rapidly that in 1818, at the age of thirty-one, he was selected by the Governor to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate. Immediately after the inauguration of General Jackson as President, he sent Major Eaton's name to the Senate for confirmation as Secretary of War. It was said that this place was accepted with some hesitation, as Major Eaton was very well satisfied with his position in the Senate. He continued to hold it, however, until his marriage with the widow of Purser Timberlake, of the Navy, whose mother kept the boarding house in which he lived when in Washington. There was some scandal about the lady; Mrs. Calhoun and Mrs. Ingham refused to call upon her; others followed their example, and the result was an entire breaking up of the Cabinet, in April, 1831. Mr. Van Buren went as Minister to England, Mr. Barry was sent to Spain, and on his death at Liverpool, a few months after, Major Eaton was appointed his successor. From the time of his return from Madrid, Major Eaton was never prominently connected with public affairs.

DEATH OF MRS. SARAH DUNLOP, OF SALEM.—The Salem papers record the death in that city of Mrs. Sarah Dunlop, widow of the late James Dunlop, Esq., of Boston, who was connected in business with the late Col. Thomas H. Perkins, at about the close of the last century. The deceased was the mother of the late Andrew Dunlop, Esq., for some time the United States District Attorney for Massachusetts, and at the time of his death, in 1838, one of the most talented and promising members of the Suffolk bar. She was a pupil and intimate friend of the late Rev. Dr. William Bentley, and always looked upon herself as under deep obligations for the privileges she had thus enjoyed. Under his instructions she acquired a love of literature, which, with a scientific taste acquired later in life, formed for many a year a source of unmingled pleasure and enjoyment. She died at the age of 83 years and four months, free from pain, of no particular disease, but of the weight of years.

FINANCIAL.

THE week opened on a firm stock market, followed by a liberal business in nearly all the railroads, the aggregate transactions registered at the Board being 27,500 shares. Prices were well supported through the day, and the closing sales mark an advance of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in Reading, and $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in New York and Erie, while New York Central left off about the same as on Saturday. The heaviest operations were in these three stocks, with a well-distributed demand for the Western shares. There was rather a dull feeling on the general list at the termination of business this afternoon. Money continued in easy supply, as at the close of last week, and this feeling induced a much larger business in sterling exchange for the Boston steamer at the reduced terms than was anticipated. The market showed considerable firmness, and large sums on London were placed at 109 per cent., and a fraction under for first-class bills. The whole range of quotations at the close, prime names we call 109@109 $\frac{1}{4}$, the extreme figure being asked by some of the standard drawers. Francs are 5.20@5.18 $\frac{1}{4}$.

The bank statement shows about the increase of the specie reserve that we anticipated, but rather less, we think, than the general anticipation. The increase is \$740,000—bringing the aggregate over twelve and a quarter millions. The decrease in the deposits has been checked, and consequently the banks have stopped the process of contraction—the line this week showing an increase of over a million. This increase of loans has not been very general, the action of the banks having been irregular. The institutions having the largest number of interior bank accounts show an increase of deposits, which would indicate that the wants of the interior for the movement of the crops were decreasing, and the re-accumulation of Western deposits here was commenced. The nominal increase of the deposit line is \$1,300,000. The real increase, allowing for the operations of the clearing-house, is \$2,000,000. The medium deposits are \$58,942,000, against \$56,300,000 last week. The comparison with last week is:

| | Loans & Dis. | Specie. | Circulation. | Deposits. |
|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| Nov. 8..... | \$102,508,069 | \$11,516,420 | \$9,946,721 | \$86,237,821 |
| Nov. 15..... | 108,654,480 | 12,253,737 | 8,856,077 | 87,520,900 |
| Increase..... | \$1,046,811 | \$737,317 | | \$1,308,079 |
| Decrease..... | | | \$89,744 | |

The *Bankers' Magazine* of Mr. Homans, for November, (published at No. 162 Pearl street,) contains a full list of private bankers in the several towns and cities of the United States. Also, a list of members of the Stock Board, New York, and a condensed history of banking in the United States. The list of private bankers will be found useful for those having collections in the West.

The value of foreign goods imported at the port of Boston during the week ending Nov. 14th, amounted to \$1,359,962.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—The Autumn season at this establishment, under the management of M. le Baron de Stankovitch, has proved so far remarkably successful. The last new operatic production, Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord" has been given four times to full and fashionable audiences, and has been received with great enthusiasm. Each time that this opera is heard, some new and delicate beauty is revealed; the hearer becomes more familiarized with the intention of the composer, and the subtle correspondences between the vocal and the orchestral parts are more clearly defined. There is a world of melody in this opera; much that it passed over in the hurry and the progress of the action, but which emerges from the shadow more and more with each hearing, until it stands out in bold relief and becomes a bright spot in the memory. So it is with most great works; they have to work their way to the affection of the public through its intelligence; the course is, as may be supposed, rather slow, but it is sure. It is impossible to judge of a new work upon a single hearing; the lightest and most frivolous, as a general rule, makes the most immediate effect with almost every audience in the world; but in Europe the frequent repetition accorded to every opera, not a decided failure, familiarizes the people with even the abstrusest compositions and generates a taste, which in the end becomes measurably critical. M. Maretzek has done his best to follow out the same system, and every effort in this way, though it may at first be at the cost of the manager, is a decided public benefit, and will eventually result most profitably.

Prosperous as this season seems to be, the best efforts of the true friends of music are needed to ensure the management from loss. The enormous expenses of the company, together with the heavy rent and that colossal drag upon the enterprise, of two hundred and fifty free admissions, accompanied with the privilege of one of the best seats to every free admission, form an expenditure that can only be met by the most liberal public patronage. This we ask in the hope that it will be accorded, and the opera have one more chance of effecting a permanent establishment in this city. The company is all that can be expected and nearly all that could be desired, therefore ye friends of music, spare not your dollars, remember the cause and take all your friends with you.

On Wednesday Bellini's favorite opera of "Norma," was given by special desire. The cast was admirable; La Grange, excelled herself in her delineation of the terrible Priestess, yet true woman, and won the enthusiastic admiration and applause of a brilliant audience.

THALBERG'S CONCERTS.—How all true lovers of art must rejoice at the great and increasing success of Sigismund Thalberg. How many of his warmest admirers prophesied that he would fail; how many self-sufficient professors pronounced his style old, exploded; how eagerly the earnest believer in the infallibility of perfect art waited for the issue; how all these conflicting opinions and hopes have been set at rest, is now a matter of history. The doubters and the hoppers alike based their belief upon the vitiated taste of the public and upon its presumed incapacity for judging art by any other standard than that of the hundred-horse-power school of De Meyer and his followers. They all deemed that the public was in love with the acrobatic style of execution and the exaggerated school of composition. They had no faith in the higher principles of art, which exist in every intelligent and refined nature, dormant, perhaps, but waiting only for some point of correspondence which shall transmit the spark that vivifies them into active existence. For our own part we never doubted the influence of Thalberg; for the reason that we never saw a perfect performance of any kind, which the public did not at once recognize. Points of exquisite technical beauty may be passed over unrecognized for the time, but the great, general perfectness never escaped unheeded. Wonderful executants with no soul have received the cold shoulder, while faulty executants with the genial impulse of genius have been received with acclaim. In each case the public was right. Art without inspiration is the chiselled marble, eyeless, expressionless, soulless; but art, warmed by genius, has an intelligence which makes the marble breathe and throws the flush of life over the inanimate substance. Thalberg has triumphed because rare intelligence has waited upon every onward step he has made in art; and the public feel the same delight in listening to his unlabored revelations of musical beauties and wonders of mechanism, that they experience in reading the exquisite thoughts of the poets, which flow with infinite freedom through the medium of the printed page, no matter how great the labor expended in their original production. We, the public, shut our eyes and listen to the perfect artist, Thalberg, unconscious that he is doing anything extraordinary, but satisfied that art can produce nothing more faultless or more entirely satisfying. Thalberg's triumph is through the intellect and not through the eye, and his influence will be remembered and felt long after he has left us to return no more, and will pass into a tradition, as the remembrance of the peerless Malibran has done already.

Thalberg has given five concerts, and the last was yet the most crowded of any. The enthusiasm is really the outburst of appreciation, irrepressible and genuine. Next week he proceeds to Philadelphia, but will play in New York on alternate nights, so that we shall, in probability, enjoy the privilege of hearing him some few nights longer. Let our music loving citizens crowd Niblo's saloon every night he plays, remembering how soon he will depart from us.

Thalberg's concert in Brooklyn on Monday, November 17th, was thronged to overflowing. His success was complete. Such enthusiasm has rarely been exhibited by our neighbors of Brooklyn.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The first concert of the 16th season takes place at the Academy of Music this evening, November 22d. The selections for performance are highly interesting, and fully sustain the high character of the society. The solo performers are Madame La Grange; Mr. Goldbeck, pianist; and Mr. Wm. Döhler, violinist. The magnificent orchestra will be conducted by Mr. Theo. Eisfeld.

The last rehearsal takes place this morning at 9 o'clock, at the Academy of Music. Extra tickets can be secured of the secretary, Mr. Spier, at the Academy, on the morning of Saturday.

THEO. EISEL'S CLASSICAL SOIREE.—These delightful and instructive soirees will commence next week. The first concert of the seventh season will be given on Tuesday evening next, November 26th, at Dodworth's Academy. The selection is most excellent, consisting of Mozart's Quartetto, No. 6, C major; Trio in B flat, F. Schubert; Quartetto by Beethoven in B major. Miss Bernard and Mr. Richard Hoffman will assist at the soiree. This will be a charming entertainment, and we hope to see the room crowded.

THE DRAMA.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—The production of the popular comedy of "Don Cesar de Bazan," after two or three years' withdrawal, and the reappearance of Mr. James Wallack as the gay and reckless Don, attracted a brilliant and overflowing house. It was a most elegant and appreciative audience, and Mr. Wallack's efforts were received with enthusiasm. "Don Cesar de Bazan" is one of Mr. Wallack's most favorite and popular parts. In it he is certainly unrivalled—he has, in fact, almost made it his own. The last week of the engagement of this remarkable man has proved the most brilliant of the series in every sense of the word, for not only has the house been crowded and the pecuniary results both pleasing and flattering, but the actor eclipsed most of his previous efforts, throwing the very life of reality into all his impersonations. While we regret his departure, we cannot but congratulate him upon the brilliant and successful issue which must result from his extensive provincial tour. He will be everywhere welcomed, and will return in perfect health and in every way a more "substantial man" (stock exchange parlance) than when he left. Success to him wherever he goes. Mr. Stuart, the active and enterprising manager, is preparing attractive novelties for his patrons, which will be duly announced and produced.

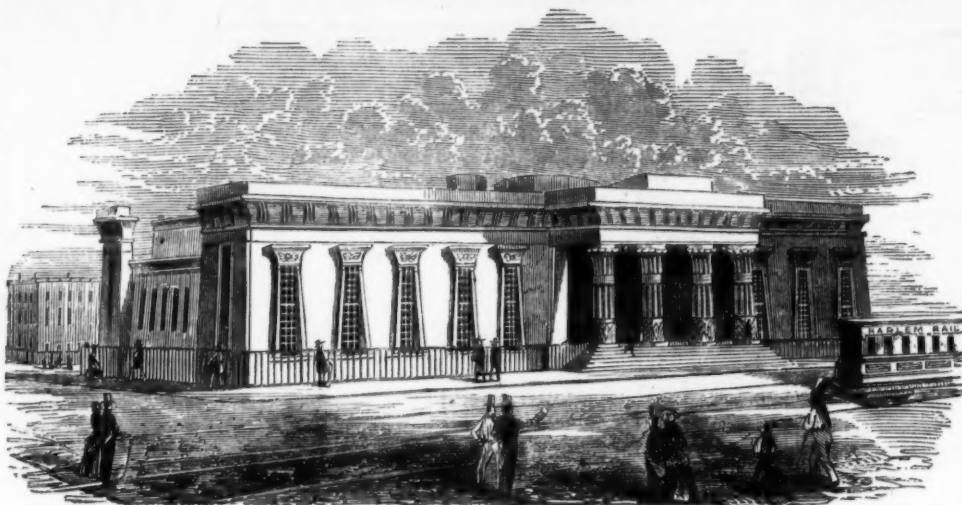
NIBLO'S GARDEN.—After a long and remarkably successful "run," the clever and attractive fairy spectacle, "Blanche, or the Rival Fairies," has this week closed its triumphant career. The admirable acting and the irresistible drollery of the clever Ravel Family took the public fancy and made "Blanche" so popular and so famous. There will, however, be no falling off in the attraction at this establishment; the Ravel Family, with the fascinating Madlle. Teresa Robert and her effective ballet company, offer attractions that have never failed to fill the house. In December the Pyne and Harrison Opera Company will prove sure winning cards for the management.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—This new and beautiful theatre, built especially by Trimble for the fair lessee and directress, Laura Keene, opened its doors to the public for the first time on Tuesday evening, December 18th. We shall reserve a description of it for our next issue, and content ourselves for the present with stating that the season has commenced most brilliantly, and that everything seems to promise a great and continued success. The opening piece was Shakespeare's play of "As You Like It." It was strongly cast, admirably acted, and the music most effectively rendered, under the direction of Thomas Baker, the popular leader and composer. The following list of Laura Keene's company will afford some idea of the strength she brings to bear upon opposing

A VISIT TO THE TOMBS PRISON, NEW YORK CITY.

THE TOMBS.

AMONG all our city prisons there is none which has a more unenviable notoriety than the Tombs. Not that it is essentially worse than others, (and all are bad enough,) but it is most prominently brought before the public, from the fact that it is situated near the City Hall, easy of access, and is besides a sort of *omnium gatherum*, into which every rascal and unfortunate honest man is introduced on his way to liberty, with a blasted character, or on his way to the Penitentiary with no character at all. We know of no place within the precincts of our vast city in which one may spend an hour with more profit, if he is morally disposed, than in the Tombs; we do not mean under arrest, but simply as a visitor, intent upon viewing a melancholy phase of metropolitan life. Every form of vice is before the eye, as exhibited by the shrinking youth just incarcerated for his first crime, up to the notorious villain who finds his only comfortable home within the dreary walls of his familiar cell. Too many, unfortunately, know the process of an introduction to this "den of thieves,"—this home of misery, but for the benefit of the happily ignorant we will take our readers on a visit, and note the most remarkable things inside and out. To be perfectly "booked up," we stepped into the east side of the City Hall, and, passing through the basement, wended our way over a broken stone floor, not quite as clean as our streets, and finally came to a small door resembling an opening into a bank vault, when we found displayed "Chief of the Police." Stepping inside we beheld different picturesque individuals stuck away on shelves, and imprisoned thus, we have no doubt, for the committal of some enormous crime, sentenced at the same time to continued hard labor of writing in enormous ledgers. At the far end of this small cell we found a door guarded by a policeman, of whom distinguished personage we asked to see "the Chief," and were shown into his mysterious office with the remark that he was engaged, but



THE TOMBS—FRONT ON CENTRE STREET.

were the depths below, that many huge trunks of trees perpendicularly by their own weight sunk out of sight. Labor finally triumphed, and a resting-place was created for the foundations, and they were duly commenced. We have not been able to learn the name of the architect of this "Egyptian pile," but we can say of him, as we think of the builder of the Merchants' Exchange, in Wall street, that the highest order of genius has been displayed to defeat the objects for which the edifice was created, and that heavy marble walls and unnecessary columns usurp all the choice localities, which should have been dedicated to the use of living, breathing men. "The style" is of the Egyptian order run mad, all the available space on the streets being taken up by shapeless shafts of huge rocks, very well when on the side of the granite hills of the Nile, but very much in the way in the crowded precincts of New York city. The locality is bounded by Centre, Franklin, Elm and Leonard streets, the main entrance being on Centre street, leading to the Court of Sessions. The entrance for prisoners to be confined is on Leonard street, as is also the gate through which passes the "black Maria," loaded with male and female convicts, on their way to Blackwell's Island.

mitted a crime flagrant enough to keep him shut up beyond the responsibilities inflicted for "petty larceny." So much for a single character to be met with in the office of the Chief.

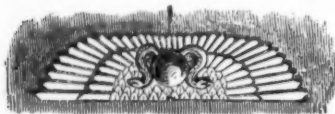
Contrary to our expectations, we did not find our new friend so well informed as we could have desired; the points we wished for had made no impression on his mind, and "history," as we understood it, had with him neither a local habitation or a name. Put to our own resources, we visited the Tombs, and found the same ignorance regarding the institution—the officials seeming to have very little knowledge of the philosophy of things about them, and were made necessarily of natures that cared about nothing beyond getting through the idle "duties of the day," and of necessity spending the

Upon the arrest of an individual for row-dying or thieving, or otherwise, he is first taken to a "station house," where he is searched, and placed in a cell over night; in the morning he is brought before the presiding magistrate at the Court of Sessions, where the charge is made, and if no bail is given the prisoner is taken around in Leonard street, at the entrance proper of the prison. Here you come to a large hall, divided up by railings, the object of which seems to be to make comfortable places for idlers to lounge behind. Near the entrance door, however, is a railing, behind which is a desk. Here the prisoner has his name and crime entered upon the register, his personal description is taken, the number of the cell to which he is consigned is noted down, and he passes on to the



PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE, CENTRE STREET.

would be out presently. After waiting awhile Chief Matsell suddenly emerged from what appeared a trap door, followed by a respectable looking gentleman, who had no doubt just "unfolded a tale of wrong," and wanted "the hounds" set on the tracks of wrong-doers, all of which, we doubt not, was promptly done. Chief Matsell is not a small man, physically or mentally; his person resembles three policemen lashed under one belt, his face beams with intelligence, and his eyes, curiously hidden away behind a pair of spectacles, have a sharp, knowing look, that betray an ability to see things below the surface, and read character as if printed in a book. "The Chief," upon learning our desires, immediately promised to put us in contact with a veteran policeman, who knew the Tombs by heart, and could tell us all about it. Waiting awhile for this gentleman, so well informed regarding the "city prisons," he finally made his appearance, having "in tow" a notorious petty thief, who, although out of the Penitentiary scarcely two days, had already managed to relieve a lady, while crossing one of the ferries, of her purse, and was caught in the very act of exchanging the bills at a pawnbroker's shop, to be secure against



ORNAMENT ON THE DOORS.

their identification, and used as witnesses against him. It would be difficult for us to say which was the most affecting, the impassioned appeals of the criminal to the Chief for consideration and "a chance," or the profound and affectionate remarks of the Chief, who told the sufferer that he knew he—the sufferer—could not help stealing, and consequently was not to blame; and with this consoling remark the rascal was walked off to undergo another trial, and find lodgings for the winter in one of our State institutions. This man, so suddenly arrested and disposed of, the Chief informed us was a notorious scamp, and had been known to him ever since he was "in the department," eighteen or twenty years, yet he had never com-

remainder amid associations not naturally disposed to refine the manners or cultivate the heart. As a result of a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties we gathered a few facts which we proceed to give our readers:

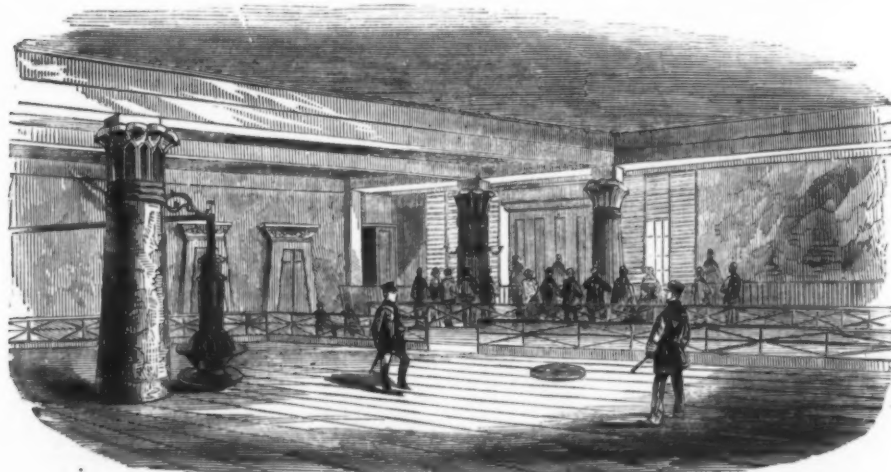
"The Tombs," as it was properly christened by public consent, was built some twenty years ago, nearly in the centre of what was known to the older inhabitants as the Collect Pond. At the time of its erection there were few buildings in the vicinity, and those of the most wretched character, and the whole place wore a sad and dilapidated look, and yet this locality is within three or four squares of the City Hall. To get a foundation for the prison huge piles of timbers were driven into the swampy ground, and so soft and miry



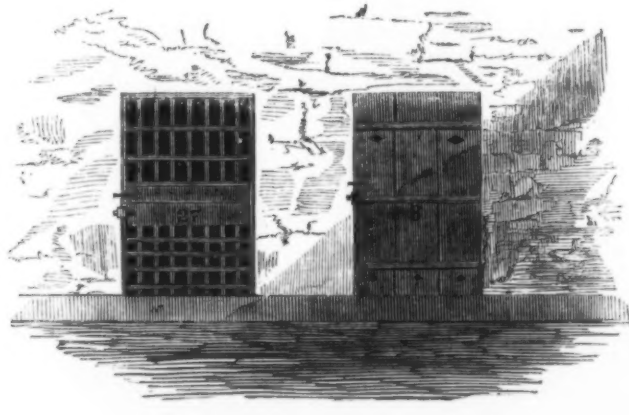
INTERIOR OF THE PRISON YARD.

INTERIOR OF THE PRISON YARD.

Here all is repulsive enough; the rough heavy walls, pierced with loopholes and frowning with grated doors, seem to afford little chance for escape; but entering the door which is seen in the centre, and under the bridge which connects the upper stories of the adjacent buildings, you come at once to long rows of small cells, each numbered, and each provided with two doors, the outward one of solid iron, the interior one grated, so as to expose the prisoner, and show to the spectator an imperfect view of the furniture, which consists simply of a rough bunk or cot—rarely any other article of comfort. Throughout the day the outside doors are open, at night-fall they are closed. The interior presents



COURT OF SESSIONS—TOMBS.



PRISONERS' CELLS.

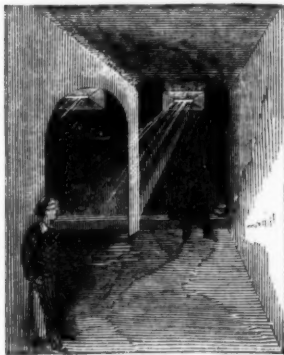
A VISIT TO THE TOMBS PRISON, NEW YORK CITY.



GROUND FLOOR, FIRST CORRIDOR ABOVE. CLERK RECEIVING PRISONER.

THREE STORIES OF CORRIDORS, which are reached by light iron steps, and are entered by narrow galleries, as will be comprehended by a superficial examination of our engraving.

If you desire to see a prisoner, the conventional necessity is, to obtain a permit of one of the presiding justices; but this is not generally required. By entering the prison on Leonard street, you meet with a keeper, holding slips of paper in one hand and a pencil in the other. By asking to see any prisoner, you have no difficulty if you know the number, as all personality is lost in numerals, and Charles Augustus Murray sinks into No. 27, Patrick Malony into No. 4, John Smith, who is always in difficulty, into No. 90, and so on.



INTERIOR OF CELL.

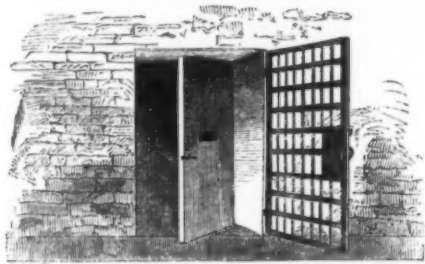
You get a slip of official paper on which is written the number of the cell containing "your friend," and keepers stationed about in different places show you the designated point. Having reached it, you have the satisfaction of talking through the grates, and conversing with a human being, as you do with a tiger or any wild beast—a man in civilized society being shut up from society for having moral fangs and teeth, just as lions are for possessing the physical representatives of these destructive accessories. It was our misfortune, on a time not long since, to have occasion to visit the entrance of the Tombs. A man whom we had once known as one of the very leaders of society—a merchant whose name was respected on change, whose honored family was everywhere beloved, had entered upon, by yielding to temptation, one degree of crime to another, until at last he entered into the meshes of the law. There was nothing remarkable in all this, for it is a chapter of every day life; we only note it because it brought us in contact with prison life. While looking over the moral scene that surrounded us, one thing more than all else made an impression upon our minds. Near where we stood were confined two professed villains, young men, born in the streets of the city, whose trade was theft, whose language was profanity, whose whole life was a blight, and at the grated door of each of these "bruisers" and "shoulder-hitters" stood a young girl, perhaps not more than seventeen years of age, the bloom of youth still upon their cheeks, in spite of their evident dissipation, and recklessness of their airs; and these girls, when all had forsaken, as they should, these hardened criminals, were affording consolation and comfort, and aiding, out of their ill-gotten gains, something to make these wretches happy—the woman's heart triumphing when all other womanly feeling was lost.

Among the adjuncts of the Tombs which naturally attract attention is the

COOK HOUSE AND LAUNDRY,

large, as may be supposed, when it is used to prepare food oftentimes for some three or four hundred persons. Economy is evident, for the viands are not chosen with regard to delicate tastes, nor do the smells that issue from the seething kettles tempt the already satiated appetite. By the last official report, (Nov. 17th,) we learn that there were 400 persons at that date confined in the prison. There were 100 white women, 306 were foreigners, ninety-five natives of the country.

It is admitted by all who visit the Tombs that the building, originally put up by contract, is most poorly constructed, and from the miserable character of the original foundations is sinking and cracking in all directions. But a few days since a notorious villain, "Paddy the Greek," taking advantage of the loose construction of the walls, picked his way through the masonry, got out on the roof, and by the aid of the ropes attached to the wind-vails, escaped into



DOUBLE DOORS OF THE CELLS.

the street and left for parts unknown. Under the charge of the present keeper, Mr. John Gray, the prison is as well kept as possible, and many places that have been in times past charnel houses, sowing the seeds of disease in all who inhabited them, have been cleared out, and by the aid of whitewash and ventilation have been made "pleasant places." We could dwell upon the looks of the prisoners, the squalid poverty of the hangers-on about this part of the building, we could note the children who, born in the dens of the Five Points, but a square off, have grown up on the vestibule of this prison-house, play at their mimic games of "hide and seek," steal and cheat under the eyes of the lazy policemen, and ripen in the beats of this fierce degradation, into inmates of its darkest, gloomiest cells, and in spite of the churches and the gospel, go down to the grave just as barbarous, savage and degraded as if they were

born in the most be-
sotted heathen land
of Africa. Alas, for
christian civilization!
alas, for all false
philanthropy!

AN AMAZONIAN IN THE ALMSHOUSE.—On the occasion of the riot at the Belair market, on Tuesday last, there was a woman who led on the Eighth ward democratic forces, and though she was all the time in the thickest of the fight, she escaped with only one slight wound. She was yesterday sent to the Alms-house, having no visible means of support, where she can retire on her laurels, and when sobriety returns consider upon the unwomanly part she took. She is a woman of medium height, with broad shoulders, and apparently about thirty years of age.—*Balt. American.*

WHY WOMEN ARE BETTER THAN MEN.—Women come more easily to pure religion than men. Men are accustomed to deal with affairs of life on a great scale, where (by reason of our mental infirmity) fixed general rules are essential; hence come men's notions of abstract justice, in which the judge is forced to sacrifice his feelings to some law external to himself; an idea which they erroneously transfer to God. But women act in detail, and judge of each case for itself, and by their own feelings. Then, again, men deal much with their equals, and have to stand out for their rights; hence the sharpness with which the idea of justice and right is stamped upon them. But women are chiefly concerned with unequals; with a husband above and children beneath them. Thus affectionate obedience and tender mercy are prominent with them, and they carry these sentiments into their religious relations. That no one can enter the kingdom of heaven without becoming a little child, guileless and simple-minded, we all know; but behind and after this is a mystery which thou, oh, reader, must take to heart. If thy soul is to go on into higher spiritual blessedness, it must become a woman; yes, however manly thou be among men.

A CASE of painful clerical crime has occurred recently at Rockport. The names are not given, but the story is that a young and delicate girl, from the interior of New York, came to Rockport to pass the summer for the benefit of the sea air; that confiding in the honor of the reverend sinner, under whose protection she was placed, she fell at last a prey to his lecherous arts—arts in which long practice had made him a successful adept; that she returned, dishonored and broken-hearted to her father's house, where she has since died of grief and mortification; that her priestly seducer was arrested in Boston, acknowledged his guilt in writing, and agreed to pay the father of his victim the sum of \$2,000.



INTERIOR OF CELL.

MORE MARINE DISASTERS.—Intelligence has been received at Boston of the total loss of the ship Lady Franklin, from New York, bound for Trieste, abandoned at sea October 31st in a sinking condition. She sailed October 7th. On the evening of October 20th, in lat. 41 deg. 30 min., long. 60 deg., while lying to in a gale from E. S. E., sprung a leak and filled very rapidly. At midnight the gale abated and the wind hauled to S. W., and had then about ten feet of water in the hold. The ship settled over on her beam-ends as the cargo (sugar) dissolved. Threw everything movable off the deck, cut away the masts, and hove over the cargo from between decks. Kept both pumps going for three days, after which the water gained on the pumps, which failed at the end of seven days, as she lay on her beam-ends. She was in that situation for ten days, most of the time blowing a gale from the west. The officers and crew were rescued by the schooner Maria Jewett, October 30th. The steamer Superior was lost in a storm on Lake Superior, on the 29th ult., near Grand Island. Her rudder was carried away, and she became unmanageable—she fell in the trough of the seas, when the water commenced making over her, despite the efforts made to prevent it, extinguishing the fires. She struck on the rocks and went to pieces. Thirty-five persons were lost, and sixteen saved.

INTERESTING FACTS.—Recent analyses and comparisons of the population, pursuits, dwellings, and extent of London, show that even the vast estimate of its greatness are actually below a reality, which is amazing to contemplate. At the beginning of the present century it contained 958,000 inhabitants, while under the census of 1851 this number had swollen to 2,362,000. In a period of ten years, between 1841 and 1851, the population increased 17 per cent. Since that time the increase has been in a corresponding, if not an aug-

mented proportion: so that, at the same rate of progress, it would be about 6,000,000 in the year 1900. Thus, while the tide of emigration is setting to this western hemisphere, immense cities are springing up along our great rivers, and towns are rising as if by magic, in the midst of the prairies and forests of yesterday; the old world presents a rival of Titanic dimensions, which is still expanding in power and wealth, and suffering apparently no diminution from causes which contributed to the decline of those ancient marts, that were once the admiration and wonder of the world.—In a curious calculation made by the *London Chronicle*, it appears there are more Smiths, Joneses, Browns, Robinsons and Thompsons in London, than any other city in the world (Paris and the Chinese cities excepted) has inhabitants; that Vienna has not as many denizens as London has servants; that the shoemakers, publicans and

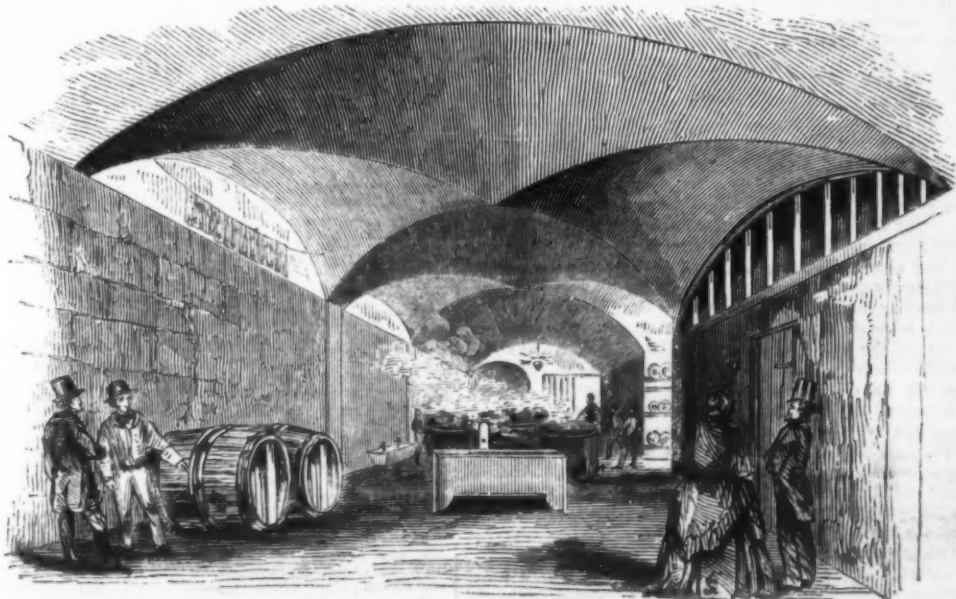


INTERIOR VIEW—THE THREE CORRIDORS.

dealers in meat and vegetables of London, number more than the whole population of Berlin, and nearly as much as that of New York; and that London has more last-makers than Frankfort has citizens, and more clerks than Boston has inhabitants. These facts are worthy of reflection here, where our growth is nearly twice as rapid, and where a wise forecast should admonish us to prepare for the great future which, under Providence, we are destined to enjoy.

A GREAT HONEY CROP.—Mr. M. Quimby, of St. Johnsville, Montgomery county, N. Y., has sold this year upward of 20,000 pounds of honey, principally produced by himself, and the remainder by a few neighbors who have followed his example. Himself and son make the production of honey a business, and undoubtedly a very profitable one. The honey is deposited by the bees in small, cheap boxes, with glass sides and ends, and sold in the same by weight, including the weight of boxes.

NEW YORK CITY RAILROADS.—A late report of the Third Avenue Railroad states that the profits were thirteen per cent.



COOK HOUSE—LAUNDRY DOOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written descriptions, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Tristram & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

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THE THIRD VOLUME WILL COMMENCE

with a large and highly finished picture of

MR. BUCHANAN'S RESIDENCE, WHEATLAND,

near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, from a Photograph View taken by Brady expressly for this paper. Mr. Brady having visited the Residence of the President Elect, and superintended the taking of the one we publish, with others, all of which will be exhibited in his Gallery of National Portraits. We trust that our determination to win a liberal patronage from the public will be duly appreciated. We have this assurance in the fact, that our subscription list, under our new price, will commence with double our former large circulation.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 22, 1856.

HARBOR OF SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA.

ALTHOUGH the ports of Central America are not the most attractive so far as affording ease and anchorage to shipping, they are certainly among the most picturesque places in the world. San Juan del Sur, on the Pacific Ocean, twelve miles from Virgin Bay, is the only Nicaraguan port worthy of mention. It is the point taken, in transitu, by passengers from San Francisco to New York, via Nicaragua. When this line was first established, San Juan del Sur was a desolate place, having but two or three houses and huts of a very inferior character, but the large tide of emigration passing through, soon gave it an importance second only to Acapulco, on the Mexican coast. The Accessory Transit Company accelerated its growth by building a freight and passenger depot; and the appointment of a resident American Consul, with the knowledge of the fact that wood, water, coal, and a few supplies, could be purchased there, has induced many vessels to seek this port, within the last two or three years. General Walker's revolutionary movements have had a tendency to retard its growth, but its geographical position will always make it a place of some consequence. It has a very poor harbor, being nothing but an open roadstead, badly exposed to the North West gales from the Pacific. The beach is of sand, lying in the form of a crescent, and extending between two high rocky promontories that form the extreme North and South limits of the bay. The country rises gradually from the beach to the westward and is covered with a tolerably thick growth of forest trees, having a most luxuriant foliage, and filled with tangled vines and underbrush. On the arrival of a California steamer, San Juan presents a scene of unusual commotion. Two or three hundred natives, with their mules, seem, like the Clansmen of Rhoderick Dhu, to start out from the earth—each bush and brake reveals these sons of the soil eager to make a few dollars by letting their mules for the transportation of passengers to Virgin Bay. The road between these two places is pleasant and picturesque. There is no pier or wharf at San Juan del Sur. The steamers anchor a mile or so from the shore, and their passengers disembark by scrambling into boats and bungaloes, owned by natives and by white "beachcombers," (a term applied to those runaway sailors and hard cases in the various ports and islands of the Pacific, who rove from one place to another, tarrying but a short time in each,) being compelled to pay from one to two dollars, to be carried as near the beach as the rollers will admit, where they are met by more natives in a state of semi-nudity, who impose a further exaction of twenty-five cents, for backing each passenger through the surf, and "dumping" them on terra firma. On the whole, San Juan del Sur may be set down as a very good place—to emigrate from! Gen. Walker's coup d'état has been a serious drawback to the prosperity of San Juan; but when political matters get regulated in that country, it cannot fail to resume its valuable commercial position as the Pacific entrepôt of Nicaragua. Saving, as it does, nearly two days in time and about six hundred miles of ocean navigation over the route by the Isthmus of Panama, it must ever form an important connecting link in the choice of travel between California and the Atlantic States. The distance from ocean to ocean is one hundred and eighty miles, navigable all the way for steamers of light draft, except the twelve miles of land carriage to lake Nicaragua and the few hundred yards round the Castillo rapids, on the river, which connects this lake with the Atlantic. The nature of the country and the length of the route make the building of a railroad through Nicaragua impracticable, especially as the Tehuantepec route will cut off so much from any and all others through Central America. But until this last road is completed, San Juan will occupy the most commanding position on the Pacific shore north of Panama. When the present unsettled condition of things in the republic of Nicaragua shall have given place to a government of sufficient stability to inspire the confidence of capitalists and of the travelling public, San Juan can not fail to be a thriving and busy place, because the Nicaragua route in speed, health and comfort, certainly possesses advantages over Panama, despite the completion of the railroad and the certainty of connection, which now cause the latter route to be preferred over all others by passengers to and from California to the States.

THE MERRIMAC.—We publish in this issue a splendid engraving representing the U. S. steamship Merrimac, with letter-press description. Since the latter-named was prepared, we have obtained the following additional particulars regarding this vessel: "The U. S. frigate Merrimac took her departure from Southampton on the 30th of October, bound to Brest, Lisbon, Cadiz and the West Indies. On the day preceding, Captain Prendergrast, who at the date of the banquet given by the Mayor of Southampton, was absent on a tour in the interior, was entertained, together with the officers who were at that time absent, by the Mayor at his country seat at Winchester. The Mayor took his visitors to Hurley, and invited their attention to the antiquities in its neighborhood. During the entertainment after their return to Winchester, Captain Prendergrast acknowledged in grateful terms the kindness he and his officers had received on all hands during their visit to England, especially from the people of Southampton, and expressed his regret that in consequence of his absence from his ship he had been deprived of his share of the attentions which had been paid by them, and especially by the Mayor, to the gentlemen connected with the vessel. On the same afternoon a party of gentlemen, consisting of Dock Directors and others, visited the Merrimac, and every attention was paid to them, in exhibiting and explaining to them whatever they had a curiosity to examine on board the ship.

PRODUCTION OF OIL FROM COAL.

SINCE the first developments which were made by experimental analysis showing that the coal of the Breckinridge Company contains a large amount of oil, suitable for illuminating and lubricating purposes, we have watched with great interest the progress of these experiments as of truly national importance, as giving a new impulse to the development of the mineral resources of the country, and as establishing the fact that we have within ourselves an inexhaustible supply of light, to be obtained with far less the expense, and labor, and danger, than the animal oil now in use. The whale, upon which we now depend for oil, is rapidly being driven by the energy of our fishermen into inaccessible seas, and will before many years, at the present rate of destruction, entirely disappear. By the discovery of the presence of a true illuminating and lubricating fluid residing in certain description of coal, we have become independent of such a misfortune, and the whole whaling fleet might be laid up to rot, and we should still have light.

The production of oil from coal is not a new discovery, but the discovery of coal beds in this country of a character to yield a sufficient amount of oil to pay the expense of extraction, has but recently been made. In Scotland the Boghead coal has for several years been used solely for distillation, being far too valuable for fuel. The oil from this coal is used upon the English and French railroads, and the demand is always in excess of the supply. Railroad managers prefer it to the best sperm oil. In Nova Scotia there is another deposit of coal at the Prince Albert mine which also yields a good quality of oil; and these, with the exception of the Breckinridge, are the only localities yet known where the coal yields a sufficient quantity of oil to pay expenses of manufacturing. Since the experiments of the Breckinridge Co. were made with such a successful result the whole country has been explored for oil-bearing coals, but thus far the experiments have resulted in disappointment. No coal has yet been found which could be made to yield much more than one half the results of the Breckinridge, and of course could not come into competition with it.

When the announcement was first made of the developments in regard to the value of this coal for distillation, the statements were ridiculed as incredible; but the practical working result has, if anything, exceeded the anticipation excited by the preliminary experiments. The products of the coal are purer, and the quantity larger. The purposes to which they can be applied are also more numerous.

We have taken up this matter at this time to show the public what has been the progress of this company during the last six months, and what may be expected for the future. These results are of public manifest importance, as marking the advance of a new branch of industry, and an entirely new development of the mineral wealth of our country. When the experiments with this coal had fully satisfied the parties engaged in them of its great value as an oil producer, a company was at once formed, under the management of the Messrs. Cairns, who made a contract for a series of years with the Breckinridge Coal Company for a supply of their coal, and commenced putting up works for manufacturing oil, at Cloverport, Ky., the shipping port on the Ohio river of the Coal Company. As the works approached completion, and as the great value of the Breckinridge coal for oil purposes became more thoroughly established, it was thought to be the best policy for both parties to consolidate the Coal and Oil Companies, which was accordingly done. Extensive fire proof works have been erected at an expenditure of \$60,000, capable of containing thirty retorts with the necessary tanks, stills, &c., for refining the crude oil. Of these, twelve retorts have been in operation for some months, and the remaining eighteen are ready. The operations of the company have been very much embarrassed by the unusually low stage of water in the Ohio river, which, by entirely suspending navigation, has detained the additional stills of the company at Louisville, and prevented the shipments of oil. The company have now on hand 45,000 gallons of crude oil and 5,000 gallons of refined, and are manufacturing at the rate of 6,000 gallons per week. The accumulation of crude oil is occasioned by the want of stills detained at Louisville by low water. When these stills arrive, and the remaining eighteen retorts are brought into use, the product of the company will be 15,000 gals. crude or 13,000 gals. refined oil per week. This would give 780,000 gals. or 19,500 bbls. per annum. The substances obtained by the distillation of each ton of this coal are, burning and lubricating oils, benzole, naphtha, paraffine and a residuum of asphaltum. The coke left after the operation is used for fuel under the retorts and stills, and is ample for that purpose. Every ton of coal produces ninety gallons of crude or seventy gallons of refined oil. The burning oil is used in lamps for all illuminating purposes. Its merits are cheapness, brilliancy and entire absence of danger of explosion, which makes the use of camphene so hazardous. Its illuminating power and duration of combustion are equal to the best sperm, while it costs only half as much. The lubricating product has been tested on machinery and found to be equal to sperm for that purpose. As it can be sold at about one-half the price, the saving to railroads, machine shops, &c., must be very great. The benzole is used for the manufacture of gas in portable gas machines. These are much used in isolated buildings and in the country where gas companies are not yet an institution. The naphtha is used for various purposes, and is valuable as a solvent for India-rubber and gutta percha. The paraffine is a product exactly resembling wax, and is used for making candles. The amount obtained of this product is some 2,000 lb from 100 tons of coal. This substance has been found very valuable in the dressing of tanned skins—putting on the fine face and softness which characterize the French dressed skins.

EXCITING SKIRMISH WITH THE INDIANS IN TEXAS.

THE following description of the successful repulse of Indians by Captain S. D. Carpenter, of the army, was extracted from a letter of the acting surgeon of Camp Lancaster, giving an account of the affair, partly as a spectator at some distance, and partly as he was informed at the time by those immediately engaged. Captain Carpenter is the son of Joshua Carpenter, formerly Collector of the District of Fennoscot. He was born in Paris, Oxford county, in 1818, educated at West Point, and graduated in 1840.

A few days since our camp was in a high state of excitement in consequence of a brush with the Indians, and the fears entertained of the entire loss of our party. Captain Carpenter of the first infantry, who commands this post, went out with a mule team to procure some poles for the purposes of the camp. The party consisted only of the captain, armed with a fowling-piece and a revolver; two musicians, with rifles; privates McCulloch and Denon, with muskets; and the teamster, who was unarmed. I accompanied them, carrying my fowling-piece, loaded only with very fine shot, used for ornithological purposes, in the expectation that I might come across some small birds. Not the slightest danger of any attack was apprehended. It was found necessary to go further than had been expected to procure

poles of the required length; but they were at last obtained, the team loaded, and we were on our return to the camp, the captain, musician Beardall and myself riding a short distance in advance, not having seen anything to excite the least alarm. While thus on our homeward way, the captain, on turning round, saw the team had come to a stop, and rode back with Beardall to ascertain what was the difficulty. I kept my ground watching their progress, and intending to await their return. On their way back they passed through a hollow; and losing sight of them, I was looking every moment for their reappearance on rising the other side; when, imagine my consternation on seeing a party of Indians, some on foot and some on horseback, suddenly make their appearance between me and my friends, who were nowhere to be seen.

My interest was intense—there was not a shadow of doubt on my mind that the captain and Beardall had been cut off before they reached the men and team, which were now surrounded and must inevitably share the same fate. My eyes still riveted on the spot, one man, whom I recognized as the unarmed teamster, burst from the throng, pursued by an Indian—the race was one for life and death—it soon terminated,—down went the man exhausted or killed. Horror struck, I waited to see if any more of our friends would attempt escape, but I could see only the Indians running about, yelling triumphantly; it was evident the whole of our party had been cut off without firing a single shot.

While still intent on the horrid scene, the Indian who had run down the teamster, turned towards me, having been joined by another hell-bird mounted on a pinto horse. This roused me from my trance, not a moment was to be lost; our camp was five or six miles distant; I was a stranger to the road, my horse was new to me; I had never been accustomed to hurdle races over ravines and through thorny bushes; my chance for escape was small, but my life was at stake. I put my horse at his utmost speed, and he gained upon my pursuers. Having satisfied myself of his nerve, and that he was good for the road, I turned to take one last look at the scene of action. Indians only were in sight!

There was then but one course to pursue—find my way, if possible, back to the camp, and give the alarm. Well did my horse do his duty; letting him take his own way, I reached the camp in safety, and a strong party was immediately sent off in pursuit of the Indians, to avenge the death, and, if possible, recover the dead bodies of our friends. On their route, much to their astonishment, they met Captain Carpenter, with his men and their horses, and one of the mules, the rest of the team having been carried off by the Indians.

The account given by them was as follows: On approaching the men and team, Captain Carpenter saw that they were nearly surrounded by from fifteen to twenty Indians, armed with rifles and bows and arrows, some on foot and some on horseback. When joining his men, they had their guns raised, about to fire, the Indians then being at long rifle shot. He immediately ordered his men to hold their fire and to lay down in the grass of the prairie. Their guns once discharged, he was aware there would be no time to reload, and that they would be rode down and crushed by the superior number of the enemy. This timely order being obeyed, saved the party.

The Indians being thus defeated in their project of stampeding our men, and not deeming it safe to approach them on horseback, dismounted and advanced on foot; and when sufficiently near, commenced a fire with their rifles and bows and arrows. This fire was continued for fifteen minutes, the Indians drawing nearer and nearer; our men crouched in the grass sustaining but little injury, the rifle balls passing over them, and few of the arrows taking effect; still they reserved their fire. When the Indians had approached within four rods, then the word was given to fire; four were killed and the rest ran without stopping to look behind them.

The injury sustained on our side was the captain, wounded by an arrow passing between the fingers of his left hand; private McCulloch, wounded by an arrow in his foot; the captain's horse so badly cut with an arrow in his leg that it was with some difficulty the blood could be staunch sufficiently to enable him to be led back to the camp. The mule team, which, during the affray, had strayed away, feeding, had been carried off by the Indians, with the exception of one which, on their precipitate retreat, they had left in the harness.

The unarmed teamster, whom I had seen running, and thought was killed, had fallen down the banks of a creek and had escaped unhurt. You will readily believe that the rejoicing was great at this meeting of our friends, whom we had mourned as dead; and most gladly were they welcomed back to the camp, which they reached without any further disaster. I have now seen the *Stonewall*, *Native American*, and I do not much like his looks.—*From the Portland (Me.) Argus.*

HORRIBLE MURDER.

PARTICULARS INVOLVED IN MYSTERY.

LAST night about six o'clock, a French woman named Victoire Rotond, was found murdered in bed at her house, on the east side of Washington place, two doors from Jackson street. The particulars of the case, so far as we can learn, are as follows: This woman has been living for some time with a Frenchman named Louis Mallet, who, about eight days ago, received a cut in the eye, and went out to a restaurant at Lagoon, called "La Petite Vincenne," to stay until he got well. It seems that he was ashamed to be seen in town in the condition he was in. Victoire was in the daily habit of going to the Lagoon to visit Mallet. She generally went out in the morning, in a wagon driven by Auguste Attillier, one of the attachés of the restaurant, took breakfast or dejeuner, and returned home in the same conveyance about the middle of the day.

On Tuesday morning Auguste drove into town about nine o'clock, and took her out to the Lagoon, where she breakfasted, and returned to her house in Washington place at ten and a half o'clock. She was accompanied in by Lamie, and Auguste stayed in town with the wagon until evening, when going back to the Lagoon, about eight o'clock p.m., he called in Victoire's house and saw her for a moment. She was then alone. This was the last time Auguste, Mallet, or Lamie saw her alive.

Later in the evening a man named Eugene Laquois, who lives with his woman, next door to Victoire, heard a man in her (Victoire's) house, making certain arrangements with her. It is enough to say that he stayed in the same house with her during the night. He (Laquois) heard them in conversation afterward, and at ten minutes to two o'clock Victoire asked in broken English: "What is your country—who you belong to?" The man replied, "I am a Yankee." Afterward Victoire was heard by Laquois to groan three times, as though suffering severe pain.

We will now state how the murder was found out. Victoire promised Mallet on Tuesday that on yesterday (Wednesday) morning she would again go out to the Lagoon to visit him. Yesterday morning Auguste Attillier came into the city with the wagon, and Mallet told him to call and see how "the old woman" was. He (Auguste) accordingly called at the house and found the door locked. After transacting his business he returned to the Lagoon and informed Mallet of the fact. He (Mallet) then saddled a horse and came in himself. This was about half-past five o'clock last evening. He called at Laquois's house—next door to Victoire's—and was there informed that she (Victoire) had not been up during the day, and that she was probably sick, as she had been heard to groan during the night. Mallet then went to the front door of Victoire's house, and found it locked. He then went to the back door found that locked also; so he broke in through the back window. The bed, which was in the back room, was rumpled, but he could not see Victoire. He went into the front room, but no one was there. He returned to the bed, and putting his hand upon it, felt the body of the woman, which had been carefully covered up. He at once gave the alarm, and the house was soon full of people.

There had evidently been a desperate struggle, for the prints of fingers were visible on the woman's throat and face, and also upon her breast. The supposition from this is, that she was first smothered; and this supposition is strengthened by the position in which the pillow was found; it was lying beside her, as though it had fallen over from her face. There was also an incised wound upon the abdomen, which appears as though it was made with a stiletto, or a two-edged dirk. There were marks on the sheets where the murderer had taken water and tried to wash out the blood; but she had bled afresh, and when found, the stains of blood were distinctly visible. The body was taken to the coroner's office, and the house taken possession of by the police. After a careful search of the premises, and also outside, under the house, &c., no weapon of any kind could be found. We had omitted to state that on Tuesday night Laquois heard her cry three times quite distinctly, "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" He, however, supposed she was sick. Victoire was one of the witnesses against Chieto, the Italian, in the celebrated vitriol case some time ago. Mallet was fearfully dejected; he went to the station-house, and seemed to suffer dreadfully. This is, without doubt, one of the most horrible murders ever perpetrated in this community. No pains will be spared to bring the perpetrator to justice. Although no immediate clue to the murderer has been discovered, the Chief of Police, James McElroy, has taken active measures to discover him. The probability is that he will eventually be taken. Mallet was discharged from the station-house about nine o'clock last night. Several physicians and surgeons examined the body during the evening, and the general opinion appeared to be that the wound had been inflicted with a dirk-knife sharp on both sides. An examination will be held by the coroner this morning. Capt. Lees and Officers McKenzie, Finerty and Salisbury are busily engaged in searching for the murderer. At half-past one o'clock this morning Capt. Lees and Officer Salisbury arrested two men on suspicion of being concerned in the murder. One of them, a Frenchman, was dressed entirely in new clothes. They were placed in close confinement in the station-house.—*Chronicle.*

DISCOVERY OF THE ILL-FATED PROPELLER J. W. BROOKS.

NO THINGS OF HER CREW.—The Rochester *Advertiser* learns by a gentleman from Canada, who came over in the steamer Maple Leaf, that the propeller J. W. Brooks, which disappeared in the late gale, has been found near the foot of the lake. She lies between the island known as the Ducks and the False Ducks, about twenty feet above water, and her stern lies on the bottom in about seventy feet of water. The boilers and machinery are at the stern, and when the vessel went down stern foremost, no doubt the cargo shifted so as to lighten her bow. The wreck has been boarded, but no traces of a human being has been found on board. The crew may have forsaken the vessel in boats and afterwards perished, or they may have been washed off when she sunk. Although the bows are above water in calm weather, they must have been continually swept by the sea in the gale, and no person could remain on board. The cargo consisted mainly of flour. If immediate efforts are used, it is possible that the propeller may be raised and taken to Kingston or some other port. It is not a common occurrence that an entire crew of a vessel are lost while the ship is ultimately saved; as may be the case with the Brooks.

A WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL.

BY JOSH MOFFIT.

Mose, the hero of the following sketch, is a tall, good looking young man, about twenty-five years of age, by trade a blacksmith, and acknowledged by all to be a remarkably shrewd Yankee.

Having received accounts somewhat flattering of the richness of the California gold mines, and the ease and facility with which the lucky ones of that favored land accumulate a good share of the "shining dust, which fools admire and call a God," from the few of his acquaintances who had "seen the elephant," and had returned home with a "pocket full of rocks," he left in the spring of '52 his father's farm, among the granite hills of New England, and came to this El Dorado of the West.

Quietly settling himself down in a little mining town not a thousand miles from French Gulch, he procured the necessary tools, and went manfully to work at his trade. Being a good workman, and a man of great physical strength, he soon found himself the possessor of a considerable sum of money.

Mose, though a man of good habits, steady, industrious, temperate and frugal, had one little failing—who has not?—one weakness. He was an inveterate horse-racer. No difference how busy he might be, what miner wanted a pick made, or what ranchman required his services in shoeing a mule, he never allowed himself to be absent from any horse race that came off within twenty miles of where he lived. Nor was he satisfied in being an idle or uninterested spectator on such occasions. He always had a favorite; and but few races were run without Mose finding himself either richer or poorer by a considerable sum immediately afterwards. After a while, however, he became tired of risking his money on other men's horses. He asked himself, "Why should not I own a race-horse?" No sooner had he conceived the idea than, Yankee like, he set himself about its execution. He didn't expect to find a very fast horse. He only wanted one a little faster than the scrubs of the neighborhood. But where to obtain even such a one was a puzzle. Several days passed away, and yet no animal, appearing to possess the necessary speed and bottom, met the eyes of our hero.

One day, however, while working in the shop, his attention was arrested by hearing some one remark, "that's a nice horse, Jim." Dropping his hammer to the ground and leaving the iron upon which he had been working, glowing upon the anvil, he quickly stepped to the door. The animal which had called forth the remark was standing in front of the public house on the opposite side of the street. He was a small but remarkably well-made horse, white as snow, small head and ears, eagle eye, and a step as though he disdained the earth on which he trod. Mose scrutinized him closely and finding about him the unmistakable marks of more than ordinary speed, he determined that, let the prize be what it might, he would purchase him. Luckily for our hero, the finances of the gentleman who owned the horse needed recruiting badly, and consequently he was induced to part with "Billy Snow"—so Mose always called him—for much less than he was actually worth.

As soon as Billy was somewhat recruited—he was badly fatigued by travel—he was taken once or twice a day to the race tracks close by, and galloped through. Now, although in his private trials he didn't give evidence of possessing speed even approaching that of Lecompte or Prior, still the few knowing ones who saw him thus tried, confidently asserted that he could beat the Dutchman, Stoddard's Black Horse, or even the East Fork Horse, the three best of the scrubs of that immediate vicinity. Nor were they alone in thinking so. Mose thought so himself.

In the course of two or three months a match was made between Billy Snow and Stoddard's Black for two hundred dollars a side. Billy won the race easily and his owner chuckled gleefully as he deposited the stake—ten twenty-dollar pieces—in his breeches pocket. Soon after the Dutchman's mare yielded the palm to Billy Snow, and again Mose pocketed the "rocks." There was still one untied—the East Fork horse. To make a match with him was now the object of the hero of our sketch, who felt confident, notwithstanding the contrary supposition of many who had seen them both run, that Billy's heels were sufficiently light to serve him as he had his former competitors.

Mr. A—, the owner of the East Fork horse at that time, though not exactly from "the land of wooden nutmegs," was about as eute as Mose himself. Although he didn't pretend to be, and in fact, was not a betting man, he belonged to that class who refrained from gambling, not because they consider it a crime *per se*, but because they might not win. Let such men but have a sure thing, or as Californians say, the "deadwood," and they will bet their last farthing. Hearing Mose one day challenging Northern California to produce Billy Snow's equal in speed, although he said not a word, he fell into the following train of thought: "I wonder if my horse can beat Mose's? If he can I should like exceedingly well to know it. How easy it would be to win a four or five hundred dollars on the race! I must set my wits to work and find which of the two is faster."

After turning over in his mind a number of schemes for obtaining this necessary knowledge, all of which were rejected as absurd or impracticable, he at length hit upon a method by which he thought the desired information might easily and with perfect certainty be obtained. That the proposed plan was strictly honorable, he didn't pretend to say; but then, as in war, so in horse-racing everything is fair. Thinking it by far too unsafe a speculation to risk anything less certain than an actual trial of the speed of the two horses, he determined by some means or other to get possession of Billy Snow and run them side by side. This, however, as Mose seldom rode the horse himself, never allowed others to ride him, and always fed him with his own hands, was "easier said than done." It has been said that difficulties flee when boldly met. So it was in this particular instance.

At night Mr. A—, with the assistance of a friend, the bright moon riding meantime high in the heavens, gained access to Billy's stable, and while, as he supposed, Mose was closely wrapped in the arms of "the drowsy god," tested their speed. Both riders used the whip freely, and both horses seemed to use their utmost exertions for the front place. At length Billy Snow had found his match! The East Fork horse proved the better animal of the two, winning the race by several feet. Then, and not until then, did Mr. A— feel sure of success.

That Mose and others would bet high on Billy Snow he well knew, and he determined that every dollar should be taken. But to make a long story short, for fear I am becoming prolix, the match was made, and though hundreds of dollars were offered by Mr. A—, and his particular friends who had been told of the trial by moonlight, and hence felt sure that the investment was a good one Mose fearlessly took every bet proposed. At length the betting was over. The word was given, and off they started. They ran through, and *mirabile dictu!* Billy Snow almost distanced his adversary. Again Mose fobbed the "shiners," while Mr. A—, and his friends with faces at least a yard long, returned home to count their losses and moralize on the uncertainty of all sublunary things, horse-racing included.

For some time the thing remained a mystery even to those most deeply concerned in it. But after a time it became known that Billy Snow, at the time when taken from the stable and run at night, had on each foot a hollow shoe with five pounds of lead in it. No wonder he made poor time!

Mr. A—, I believe, has never since attempted to get the "dead wood" on a horse-racer.

How to look young.—How is it that some men thought to be so old, still look so young, while others thought young must still look old? The cause lies very frequently in themselves. Mr. Rant once, on being asked the reason, said: "I never ride when I can walk; I never eat but one dish at dinner; I never get drunk. My walking keeps my blood in circulation; my simple diet prevents indigestion; and never touching ardent spirits, my liver never fears being eaten up alive." But he forgot to add one of the greatest causes of lasting youth, "a kind, unenvious heart." Envy can dig as deeply in the human face as time itself.

SUGAR-CANE IN NEBRASKA.—*Belleuve Gazette*, published at Bellevue, Nebraska Territory, has the following: "We acknowledge the receipt of a small quantity of molasses which was manufactured from cane grown in our Territory. Mr. Charles McKay informs us that the cane is known as the 'Chinese sugar-cane,' and that from the early maturity of this species, there is every reason to think that its culture can be made profitable."

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

Nor long ago, in one of the obscure streets of a city not far from our own, a son of the Emerald Isle by birth, and a son of the sea by trade, was on his bed to die. The priest had been sent for, and was ready to administer the last rites of the church to the dying seaman, so soon as he should confess his sins. But Patrick had none of that kind of thing to boast of; indeed he said that, to the best of his recollection, he had no sins to confess at all, at all. He had been a sailor, he said, and had done his duty—sailing a little, and drinking his grog as well as the next man, but he had always come to time in a fight, and was never licked in his life, so that, for his part, he did not believe he had anything on his mind to be sorry for; and so "plaze your reverence, let me off say, and if you can't let me off say, let me off as say as you can."

"Beshink thee again, my son," said the priest. "Has no man ever lost his life, and perhaps his soul, from thy hand? Be honest now, for death is at the door."

"Your reverence is right," groaned the poor fellow; "I did once convert a Jew, but I had forgotten it."

"Convert a Jew! and sure, Pat, there was no sin in that. But how did you manage the matter, pray?"

"Well, your reverence must let me tell the story in my own way. I was setting him ashore in the ship's boat—me and Peter Mullin were—and we got to disputing like about our religion, for he thought we were no better than pagans, and I knew he was worse, for I had seen the hathun niggers and Indians at home, and they ain't half as bad as Jews, and I told him so. He got very wrothy like, and when he laped up to give me a clip the boat went over onto one side, and over he went into the sea. As he came up I caught him by the hair of his head, and it came to me all at once that it would be a good time to convert him; and so, says I, as I drew his head out of the water, 'Honey dear—for I thought I would spake kindly to him—'honey dear, do you believe in the Holy Catholic Church?'"

"Not a bit of it!" said he, as he cleared his mouth of the sea-water, and so I settled him down into it again. Once more I brought his chin to the top of the brine, and asked him tenderly,

"Do you believe in the Holy Catholic Church now?"

"I don't think I do," he said, but not so decidedly as before, and I ducked him again; and now, for the third time, I raised him, and said,

"Do you believe in the Holy Catholic Church now?"

His voice was almost gone, but I heard him distinctly but feebly answer, "Yes, I do;" and so, as these fellows, and especially the Jews, give up their religion so say after they get it, I thought I would make him sure for the kingdom of heaven, and so I let him go. He never came up, and I hope to meet him in Paradise. That, your reverence, is the way I converted a Jew, and sometimes I feel as if I ought to have taken him into the boat, and let him take his chance of getting into the kingdom."

The holy father admonished Pat that he did very wrong to let the Jew go to the bottom, and the poor fellow said he was very much of the priest's opinion. So he repented him sorely of his converting the Jew, received absolution according to the rites of his church, and in a few minutes breathed his last.

The sewing machines are now superseding the use of seamstresses, so that it is thought in a year or two there will be no need of women at all. Old Grubbs says that he always thought them (the women, not the machines) the most useless and the most expensive invention ever made. They cost more than they come to, and fetch nothing at all when they get old. One of the editorial corps in the West complains bitterly that he has just been mulcted in the sum of \$250 for kissing a young lady against her will. A neighbor consoles him by relating his own experience. He kissed a young lady against her will one time, and it had cost him a thousand dollars a year ever since. Sewing machines don't cost anything like that; but a loving wife, even if Old Grubbs thinks she is only so so, is a thousand times better than a dozen of "them machines." The fact is, if we had to take our choice, instead of a sewing machine we would have a "spinning-jenny." Not so, however, is the sad and bitter resolution of a Portland Yankee, who has become disgusted with the "hull femal sect." He writes: "I have given up all idea of wimen fokes, and have took to perillik life. Angills in petticoats is well enough to look at, and for fellers to talk about, but, bless 'em! they're so slippery as eels, and when you fall for 'em, and get a bite, you somehow or other find yourself at the wrong end of the string—they've coiled you! And when you've stuffed 'em with peanuts, and candy, and daggertypes, they'll throw you away as they would a cold later. Lastways that's been my sperious. But I've done with 'em now. The Queen of Sheba, the Sleepin' Beauty, Kleopatra's Needle, Pompey's Pillar, and Lot's wife, with a steam-engine to hed 'em, couldn't tempt me. The very sight of a bonnet riles me all over."

NEGRO ELOQUENCE.—My colored friend, George Edward Fitz-Augustus, while in Washington market, walked up to the wagon of a fat countryman, and, after peering for some time at his stock, inquired, "Are dese good taters?"

"Yes, sir!" responded the countryman.

"A tater," resumed George Edward Fitz-Augustus, "is inevitably bad unless it is invariably good. Dere is no medecracy in de combination ob a tater. De exterior may appear remarkably exemplary and beauteous, while the interior is totally negative. But, sir, if you wends de article on your own recommendation, knowing you to be a man ob probability in your transactions, I, without any furdur circumelections, takes a bushel ob dat superior vegetable!"

An Eastern man writes us that a stage-driver, by whose side he was riding on the box a few weeks ago, told him the following story as they passed a wretched-looking farm-house, and the old farmer lounging about the door. The driver said:

"A Boston trader called at that house some time ago to buy cheese, but when he came to look at the lot he concluded not to take it, it was so full of skippers. As he was going off, the farmer said to him, 'Look here, Mister, how can I get my cheese down to Boston the cheapest?'"

"The trader took another look at it, and seeing more and more evidence of its being alive, replied, 'Well, let it be a day or two longer, and I guess you can drive it right down!'"

"Eliza, my child," said a very prudish old maid to her pretty niece, who would curl her hair in beautiful ringlets, "if the Lord had intended your hair to be curled, he would have done it himself. So he did, Aunt, when I was a baby, but he thinks I am big enough now to curl it myself."

In the autumn of 1849 a party of ladies and gentlemen visited Mount Washington, Bullitt County, Kentucky, to attend an Association of Baptists, that much-abused and somewhat eccentric sect. For some time they were hospitably entertained at the house of Uncle Thomas Benson, a most worthy and kind old man, who, in accordance with the customs of Kentucky and the well-known habits of the people who were now his guests, supplied them plentifully with the "good creature," which they received with thankfulness, and used as if they loved it. One day the party were invited to go home to dinner with one of the brethren, who had not a reputation for hospitality equal to that of their present host, and Boatman, a leading Hard Shell, objected to accepting the invitation. He was, however, finally overruled, and the party set off. Arrived at the house, they were kindly received, and Boatman left the company for a few minutes, but soon returned, a broad and beaming smile upon his face, and a huge bowl of egg-nog in his hands. Presenting it in triumph to the party, he roared out, "Well, friends, brethren and sisters, I thought we ought to have staid at old Uncle Benson's, but I find we are among God's good people up here wherever we go!"

A DISTINCTION.—Many years ago when new sects in New England began to break the good old congregational barriers, and make incursions into the sheepfolds of the regular clergy, a reverend divine, whom I well knew—a man at once of infinite eccentricity, good sense, and good humor—encountered one of these irregular practitioners at the house of one of his flock. They had a pretty hot discussion on their points of difference, and at length the interloper, finding more than his match at polemics, wound up by saying: "Well, doctor, you'll at least allow that it was commanded to preach the gospel to every creature."

"True," rejoined the doctor, "true enough. But then I never did hear it was commanded to every 'critter' to preach the gospel."

"Zounds, fellow," exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a very phlegmatic, matter-of-fact person, "I shall go out of my wits." "Well, you won't have far to go," said the phlegmatic man.

AN ACCOMMODATION.—In Bangor, the other day, an intensified broker offered to accommodate a friend with \$100 for fifteen minutes for \$12.

It is stated that there is one silver coffee-pot in a jeweller's shop in Baltimore that has figured at three dozen weddings as "the gift of my uncle."

GOIN' A'TER RECRUITS.—Captain Wallen started down from Dallas to Vancouver to bring up a party of recruits to fight the locomotive Indians. He stopped for the night at the Cascades, in the house of an old man, named "Uncle Sammy," an inquisitive old fellow, about eighty-six, and deaf as a haddock. After supper the old man, old woman, and Wallen, drew up their chairs around a blazing wood-fire. The old man immediately commenced applying the brake, (good expression for pump?)

"What are you going down to the mouth of the river for?"

"After recruits," replied Wallen at the top of his voice.

"Hey?"

"After recruits!" again roared Wallen, still louder than before.

"Can't hear ye."

Then the old lady moved round, and putting her mouth close to the old man's ear shouted in a voice that would have done credit to Stentor after he'd got a little in years:

"He's goin' down—after recruits—sugar—coffee—and sich!"

A "bright child" asked its mother where he should go when he died.

"To heaven, I trust," said the mother.

"Shall I have anything to eat there?"

"Yes, love, you shall be fed with the bread of eternal life."

"Well, I hope they'll put lots of butter on it," concluded the youngster.

Two travellers having been robbed in a wood, and tied to trees at some distance from each other, one of them, in despair, exclaimed:

"O, I'm undone!"

"Are you?" said the other, "then I wish you'd come and undo me."

An old maid was once asked to subscribe to a newspaper. She answered no; she always reads her own news. No doubt of it.

STATISTICS OF MARRIAGE.

The influence of periods of scarcity on marriage is fully established by official statistics in England. The report of the register-general of births, deaths, and marriages, show that, from the cessation of the famine in 1847 up to 1854, the number of marriages was continually on the increase; and that in the latter year, for the first time in seven years, they began to decline. A superficial observer might suppose that the Eastern war, which broke out in 1854, was the cause of this falling off. But the decrease in the number of marriages commenced in the first quarter of the year before war was proclaimed, and months before the waste of life, caused by hostilities, could effect the result. The real cause, therefore, must be sought elsewhere. It is to be found in the fact, that in November, 1843, the price of wheat rose to seventy-two shillings and five-pence per quarter, nearly double of what it had been in 1852, and considerably more than it had been since 1847. This enormous rise was attended by a great check to the foreign trade with England, especially with this country and Australia, produced by the scarcity of wheat here and in that colony; and to those causes, all resolving themselves readily into one, the decline in marriages is really to be attributed.

Nor is this the only law deducible from the English marriage statistics. The number of marriages between old men and young women, which might be supposed to vary by year, is annually about the same. So are the marriages between widowers and spinsters, between widows and bachelors, between minors, and generally between persons even in cases that would be thought exceptional. So, also, the females married under age appear, year after year, to be to the males, likewise married under age, in the proportion of three to one. In like manner, the number of bridegrooms who could not write their names to the marriage-register, hardly varied four per cent in six years; while the number of brides who had to make their mark exhibited a similar ratio; so that, if allowance be made for the increasing efforts to extend education, the real proportion was the same, year after year. Another law established by these statistics is, that up to the age of twenty-five, the number of females marrying exceeds that of the males; but after that period the number of males marrying exceeds that of the females. Thus, though women live longer than men, they marry earlier.

There is no doubt similar results would appear in the United States if statistics of marriages were kept as they are in England. Our bills of mortality prove that the number of deaths annually bears a certain proportion to the population; and that this holds good universally, except in years of severe pestilence, and even then, if the statistics of the entire globe could be obtained, it is probable that the law would still be found to prevail. The number of lives lost by accidents exhibits a similar uniformity. In a word, in everything which superficially seems controlled entirely by chance, the working of a great and steady law may be traced, which, week by week, and month by month, and year by year, averages its results. Thus, nature, if we may so phrase it, creates uniformity out of diversity. Annually, in a given population, about the same number of births occur, and always the males slightly exceed the females, so as to provide for the greater degree to which the former are liable to casualties and exposure; annually, in a given population, the same number of persons marry; and annually, in a given population, death claims the same proportion of victims.—*Baltimore Sun*.

THE BACHELOR AND THE LACE VEIL.

A GENTLEMAN who had lost a bet with a lady, having heard her say that she had lost a lace veil which she prized very much, thought he would pay the debt and "do the polite thing" by purchasing a new veil of the quality, and presenting it to his fair creditor.

It must be stated, for a proper understanding of what followed, that the gentleman was a bachelor of long standing, and a man of little information touching the world of "fancy goods," though a proficient in sugar, cotton, and provision speculations.

He accordingly stepped into a fashionable milliner's establishment, and asked to see a lace veil of fine quality.

"Here is one, Monsieur," said the amiable priestess, at the head of the temple.

"How much is it?"

"It is only fifty, sir."

"What! only fifty? Dear me! I thought those things were exceedingly dear. If that is all they cost, I do not wonder at the ladies being fond of wearing such flimsy knick-knacks. Only fifty? Show me something better?"

The priestess stared. The bachelor remained perfectly cool. Here was a god-send; a man who wanted something better, dearer—more veils—lace ones—were displayed.

"Dis is only sixteen, sir, and dis one seventy-five."

"Dear me! only seventy-five? Well, that is wonderful, to be sure. It is a very pretty article, I see, but can't you show me something better?"

"No, sir, dis is the most dear—de plus cher article in de ceter."

"You don't say so! Well, well, who would have thought it? These women—they always were a mystery since the days of Adam. Give me the change for a dollar—in quarters."

The milliner did so.

"I'll take this one," said the simple-minded bachelor, folding up the seventy-five veil. "Give me a quarter, and keep the seventy-five for yourself. Dear me, how cheap."

"I no see the seventy-five, sir—you have no handed them to me," said the milliner.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the bachelor, smiling, "there they are on the counter," pointing to the three quarters.

"Dis?" said the milliner, with an astonished look.

"That!" said the bachelor, more smiling than ever, preparing to put the veil in his pocket.

"Ah mon Dieu! De man fous—crack-brain. I tell you, monsieur, dat article de most dear in de cite. You no understand me—you no understand English! De most dear, I tell you—seventy-five dollars!"

"What?" said the bachelor, turning rather pale, and dropping the veil as if it had suddenly turned into a coal of fire in his hands, "seventy-five dollars?"

"Yes sir, and ver cheap at dat."

"Seventy-five dollars for that infernal cobweb? I thought you meant seventy-five cents!"

If ever a bachelor walked fast, that bachelor did. He goes around now in a stew of indignation, relating his adventure, and winding up his story with the words:

"Yes, sir, the French woman actually asked me seventy-five dollars for this short end of an infernal cobweb!"

An inexperienced bachelor going into a fancy milliner's store is pretty much like an innocent fly venturing into a spider's web.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT ON THE SOUTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

As the down train from Columbia was coming on to the city yesterday, and had passed Branchville about nine miles, one of the rails gave way, and three of the passenger cars, filled with passengers, were thrown off, and serious, perhaps fatal, injuries were sustained by two at least of the passengers.

The train, consisting of the engine, baggage car and four passenger cars, was passing at full speed when the rail broke under the engine, and the three first passenger cars were thrown off and shattered into fragments; but strange to say, the two last cars passed the break and were stopped on the track beyond the scene of the disaster. Our informant, who was in one of the cars not thrown off, says the scene was most frightful. The cars were thrown upon their sides, the bottoms were broken out, through which the passengers were seen struggling; the ends were stove in, and it seemed impossible that any could have escaped uninjured.

The promptest possible assistance was rendered by those not involved in the disaster, and the injuries were found to have been less than could possibly have been contemplated.

Mr. Oliver Ryan, one of the conductors, son of Thomas Ryan, of this city, was standing on the platform, and when the crash came, jumped off, but falling, the car fell on him, and he lay in that condition until the car could be forced off; during the time his suffering was intense, and the blood was forced from his mouth and nose. He was brought to this city, however, and it is hoped he may recover. Mrs. Means, from Fairfield, was cut in the face, and the iron railing to the steps of the car, the point of which was stove in, passed through her dress; but she came on to the city, and it is thought her injuries are not serious. Mr. Heriot, the conductor, was cut on the head and hands, and bruised badly, but continued, notwithstanding his own sufferings, to make every assistance in his power to others. A negro woman was crushed badly, and was left at Summerville. About a dozen others were hurt, but not dangerously; and, as the cars were badly shattered, nearly all suffered some inconvenience from the disaster.

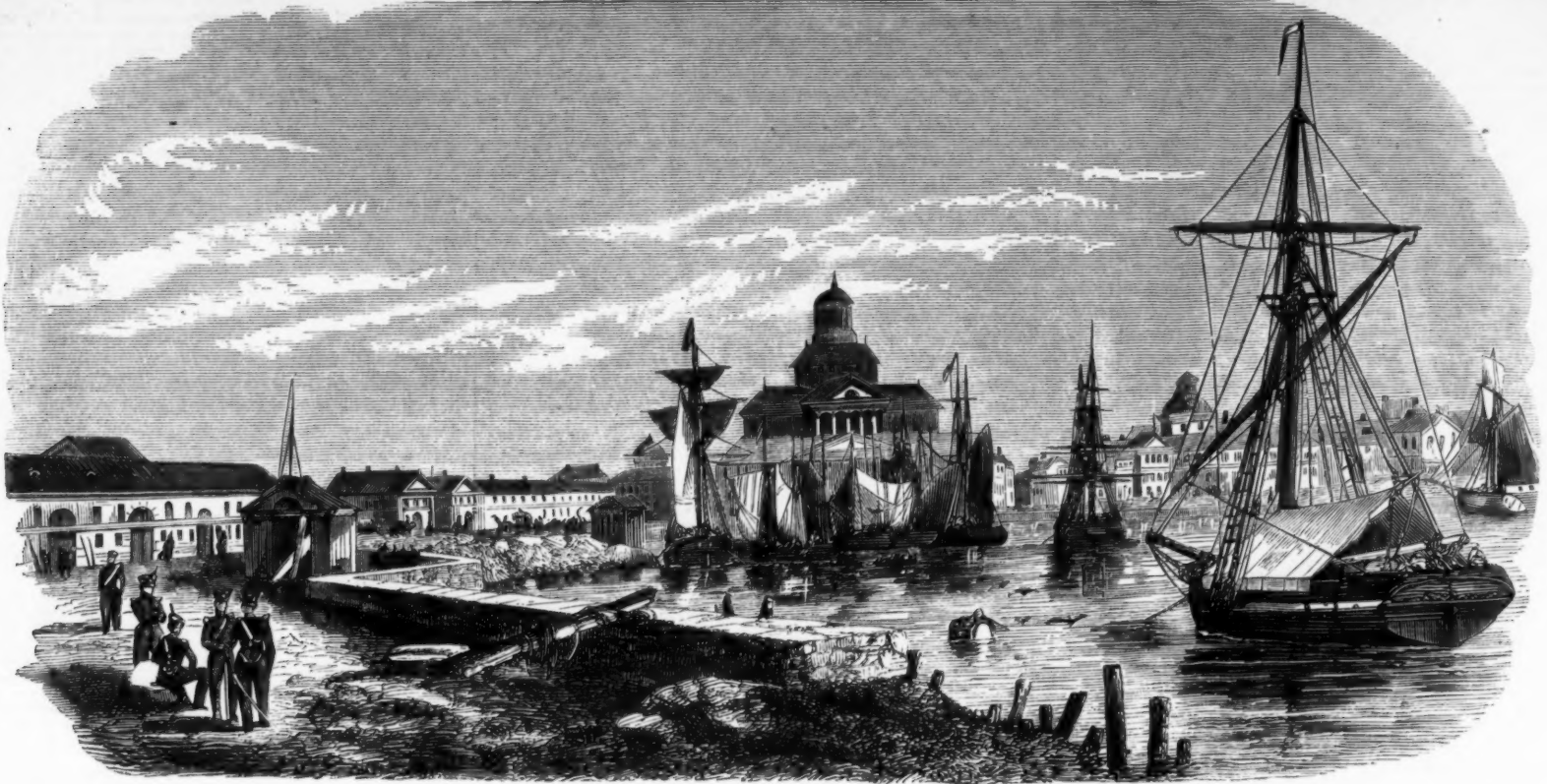
Our informant says that so frightful was the appearance presented that he can scarcely realize the fact of an escape without more fearful injuries. Rev. Dr. Buchanan was one of the passengers, and when the passengers were all relieved and assembled, he offered up a prayer for so providential a deliverance.

The train was delayed for a considerable time, and arrived in Charleston about 8 o'clock last evening. The accident occurred about 12 o'clock in the day. The track was an old one, but as the upper surface of the rail was not broken, it could not have been seen if attention had not been specially directed to it.

Among the painful scenes exhibited was that of a lady who, having her child in her arms when the crash came, threw it out of the window. It fell among some bushes, and when sought for was found uninjured.—*Charleston Standard*, Nov. 16.

A Bremen journal contains the following advertisement: "A young gentleman on the point of getting married is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dissuade him from such a rash step. Address, &c."

When railroads were a new institution, it was a frequent amusement to observe the consternation the story monster caused as he ploughed his way through the world, over the hills and far away. They are quite as great a novelty now in some parts of the country as they were hereabout twenty-five years ago. In Georgia, a short time since, a boy from the woods was at the depot when the train was on the track, and as he was gazing in stupid wonder at the fixings, and wandering in the cars, the whistle shrieked its unearthly sound, and in a moment more the whole thing was driving at the rate of "two-forty."



INTERIOR OF THE PORT OF HELSINGFORS.

INTERIOR OF THE PORT OF HELSINGFORS.

HELSINGFORS, since the year 1815, has become one of the most beautiful sea-port towns of the Empire of Russia, and since the year 1819 has been the capital of Finland, on the gulf of that name. It has a harbor of sufficient depth and size for line-of-battle ships. It is defended by the strong citadel of Sveaborg. Among its public buildings is the Town Hall, remarkable for its proportions and splendid architecture. It is the seat of an University, removed from Abo in 1827, which contains a library of forty thousand volumes, and various museums of science and natural curiosities. It is also the see of the Lutheran Archbishop of Finland. Its chief support is its trade in the vast productions of the Baltic. Finland is situated in the north-western part of Russia, its coast presents a face of bold precipitous granite cliffs, and is lined with numberless small islands. The interior may be described as a vast table land, some four or six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Its surface, however, is much broken by hill and valleys, and occasionally rises into mountains. The soil is fertile; spring appears suddenly and continues about a month, leaving only twelve weeks for summer and harvest; when this country belonged to Sweden it was considered its most important granary. About the twelfth century the Fins lived under their own sovereigns, and were Pagans. Their conversion took place about that time, after their conquest by the Swedes; they are

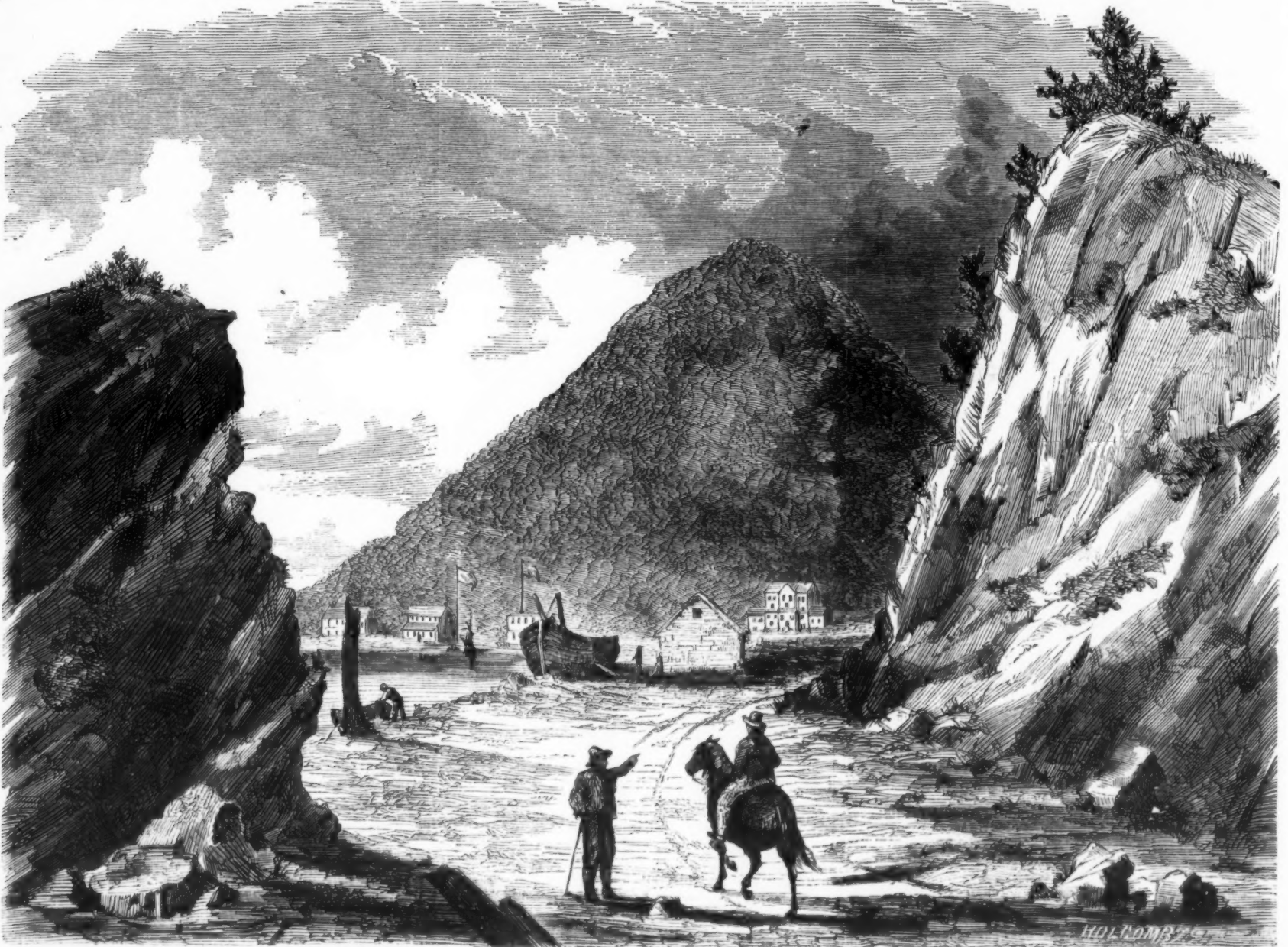
mostly Lutherans. In 1721, that part of Finland which formed the province of Wiborg, was seceded to Peter the Great, the remainder was conquered from the Swedes in 1809, and now forms an integral part of the Russian Empire, under the name of a Grand Principality, the Emperor exercising his supremacy as Grand Prince. The seat of Government is really at St. Petersburg, but a Governor-General representing the Emperor resides at Helsingfors, in the public buildings represented in our engraving.

STRIKING SCENE AT A GAMING TABLE.—As a company of our fast young men were busy over the card table a few evenings since, a singular noise attracted their attention. It was of so unusual a nature that they immediately began to look about for its cause. It was repeated in another direction. Something more than curiosity was now excited, and playing was suspended. Immediately one of the company dropped into what the spiritualists call a trance, and proceeded to utter, as if from his deceased father, a homily against gambling and its associate vices. This was followed by an admonition purporting to come from a deceased sister of one of the company, couched in such terms and uttered with such sisterly feeling that the whole group were irresistibly moved to tears. There was no more card-playing that night. None of those present were

believers in spiritual manifestations, and the scene was wholly unexpected to all. Whether it was indeed spiritual, or is capable of some other solution, is a question. It was told at a religious meeting on Sunday, and we have no doubt that it occurred substantially as we here repeat it.—*Springfield Republican*.

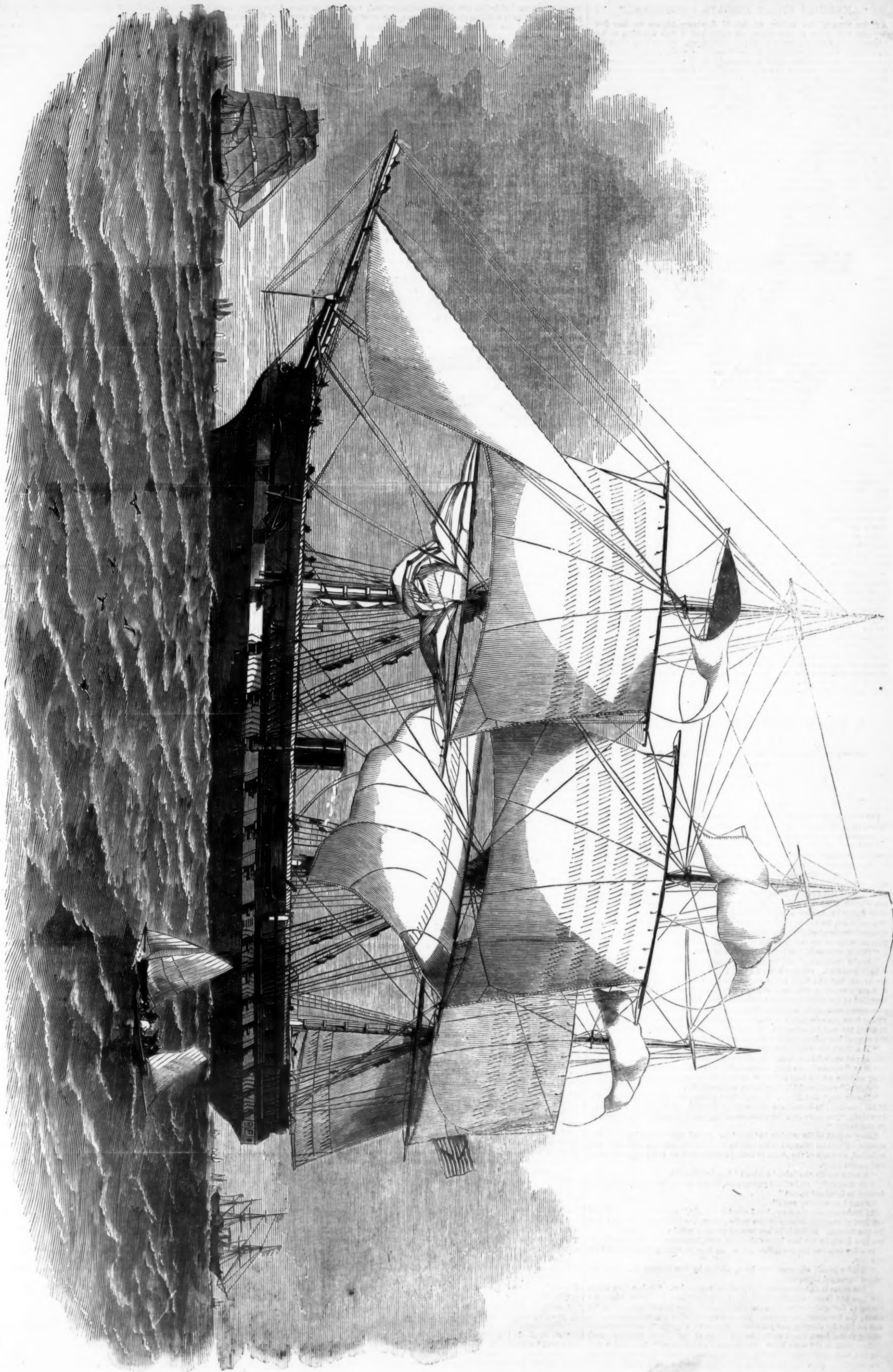
THE TROUSSEAU OF A PRINCESS.—The bridal arrangements, the magnificent trousseau of the bride, etc., in view of the approaching marriage of the Princess Royal of England, at Berlin, attract so much attention that hundreds are actually going from London to witness them. There are six rooms filled with silks, satins, ribbons, velvets, costly lace, artificial flowers, exquisite embroideries in gold and silver, bonnets, caps, gowns, gloves, body and table linen, diamonds and jewelry, shawls, mantles, and toilet requirements of every description, color, and material. Thirty persons have been engaged during several months on the embroidery, and 120 needlewomen have worked on the different articles.

IT IS MIND, after all, that does the work of the world; so that the more there is of mind, the more work there is accomplished. A man, in proportion as he is intelligent, makes a given force accomplish a greater task—makes skill take the place of muscles—and with less labor gives a better product. If all the mechanical labor in England was performed by hand, it would require every full grown man in the world.



HARBOR OF SAN JUAN DEL SUR. SEE PAGE 390.

UNITED STATES STEAM-FRIGATE "MERRIMAC." S. E. NEXT PAGE.



AMERICAN STEAM FRIGATE "MERRIMAC."

At the time of the sailing of this U. S. steam-frigate on her first voyage, not quite a year since, we published a fine drawing of her appearance, and a history of her construction. Since that time the noble ship has visited many places "across the seas," and attracted universal admiration. Her appearance in the Thames has created quite a flutter among the naval gentry of Great Britain—quite as much as did the merchant clipper ship *Great Republic*. The *London Times* "thundering" on the subject, says: "Those intelligent Yankees who would 'whip creation' know at least how to build a steam-frigate. They have just sent us one to look at, the *Merrimac*, a screw steamer of 3,600 tons, 600 horse power, and carrying forty guns of the heaviest calibre. She is one of the six frigates recently built, and of the same class, or probably smaller, than the twelve recently laid down for building. The *Merrimac*, on her arrival, made for the neighborhood of Spithead, so as to give our dockyard and naval authorities an opportunity of inspecting the style of vessels which would have 'chawed' up some of our eighty-fours on the West India station, had impolicy or accident precipitated us into a war. Now there are not many, if there are any, vessels in the British navy, of the same class, a match for the *Merrimac*. The royal dockyards, if they are not behind the age in ship-building, are certainly not in advance of it. Our surveyors general seem to possess only the imitative talent of a Chinaman. They originate nothing. It is only when every private shipowner and every foreign power that owns a bumboat, has adopted a new discovery or improved an old one, that we take it up, content to follow in the rear, when we ought to lead the van. This is bad ship-building policy for a great naval power. If our navy afloat be large or small, it should be the most powerful and efficient of its kind. We trust that the *Merrimac* may stimulate the energies of our present surveyor-general. He has just been made a K. C. B. (Knight Commander of the Bath) for doing nothing he can boast of; let him now set to work and promote such plans as will place our steam-frigate navy individually upon an equality with, if not pre-eminently over, the vessels of every other power." A recent writer in England, speaking of this country, remarks "the fact that there is such intense application of American ingenuity in the manufacture of fire-arms, proves, we think, that there is a strong tendency to military ambition in the American mind." It is acknowledged, that, during the war of 1812, the superior skill of the American gunners, their quickness in firing, and the accuracy with which they served their guns, was the secret of many a naval triumph over equal or superior forces. In the Revolutionary War, the fatal accuracy of aim on the part of the Americans, and the larger number killed among the British, even when the American forces were inferior in number, illustrates the same thing. The American people have been called a nation of "sharp-shooters," and justly, for from boyhood to manhood, not only in the West and South, but in New England, Americans handle guns and become practised shooters. If to this we add the superiority of Americans in the manufacture of fire-arms—a superiority acknowledged by the purchase of arms by foreign nations, and the adoption of our modes of manufacture and our improvements in England; and consider the extent to which the government and individuals are concerned in the manufacture of arms, while there is no impending war, but the prospect of permanent peace, there is reason for the remark quoted above, that there is in the American mind a taste for military affairs. Our ships of war always attract attention for the superiority of their architecture, their force and their management, our skill being seen not less in naval armaments, than in small arms designed for the hands of the people. The steam-frigate *Merrimac* is the smallest and most inferior of the six steam-frigates recently added to our navy, and yet it is admitted by English authority that it is able to cope with any English steam-frigate or line-of-battle ship in the British navy. Another English paper remarking on our navy very properly says: "The *Niagara*, one of the largest of these steam-frigates, is much more formidable than the *Merrimac*, and would make John Bull open his eyes, for he has not in all his vast and splendid navy, recently supplied with ships intended to be the most terrible in the power of their armament, to cope with Russia in the meditated attack upon Cronstadt, a ship that could withstand the shock of battle with the *Merrimac*, to say nothing of the five remaining steam-frigates. May that war be far distant that will require the use of these vessels. But it is such preparations in peace that keep war in the distance."

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF HIS RACE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "MINNIE GREY," ETC.

(Commenced in No. 48.)

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

The two servants quitted the room, and the heir so unexpectedly enriched looked up in the face of the speaker and faintly smiled.

"Accept my congratulations," said the latter.

"The only ones which ever afford me pleasure," replied Harry, "for from you I know they are sincere. I am rich," he added, drawing a deep breath; "I may gaze on beauty, nor meet the chilling glance which asks the poor man if he would speculate with fortune. I may proffer the grasp of manly friendship, without dreading the repulse which poverty too often receives. I have gold! society will receive, court, and flatter me—gold! and the world will never ask whether the heart of its possessor is of stone or of kindest nature. The mere cipher has become a unit in the social scale. Solitude, unless I seek it, will avoid me, for the dross of earth has as much transformed me as time has changed the despised chrysalis when, bursting from its living tomb, it soars on painted wings in the full sunshine of its summer fortune."

"This is bitterness, not joy," observed our hero.

"Brise the flower," said the painter, "and it can only render the perfume it bath gathered. Did you know all that I have endured, you would not wonder at me; but you have never experienced the chill of poverty—its coarse, iron grasp crushing affections, feelings, tastes—all that ennobles man; never trembled at the footstep which approached your solitary chamber door, lest it announced some hard, insulting creditor;—blushed as you made the promise wrong from your despair, and racked your care-worn brain to find the means to avoid the soul-degrading lie. I have felt all this," he added; "the trail of the serpent has sullied the flower it passed over."

"You think too seriously of the past," observed Harold. Poverty, even in this age of materialism, is not regarded as a crime."

"True," answered the heir, sarcastically; "it is not merely moral annihilation; and the wealth that follows it serves only to animate a corpse."

"Again!" exclaimed his benefactor, reproachfully.

"Pardon me," said Harry. "You indeed possess the right to blame me, for of all who live you alone have shown sympathy with my distress. 'Tis past," he added; "you have seen the weakness of my heart, henceforth be witness of its constancy."

Harry walked to the window and stood for several minutes gazing into the square. When he returned to his seat by the table his features were calm and collected, all trace of the storm of feelings which had so lately agitated them had passed away.

"What steps do you intend taking?" inquired Harold.

"My first visit," replied the young man, "will be to Sir John Sellem, my banker, in Lombard street."

"Shall I accompany you?"

"I dared not ask the favor, but I accept it frankly," said the heir. "If you are fond of studying human nature in its phases, the interview will repay you for the trouble. Hitherto he has treated me with most superb disdain. You see how lowly he can bow before his deity, gold, incarnate in my person."

In a few minutes the brougham was at the door, and the speakers started for the city.

"What a hive!" observed our hero, struck by the stream of human life which thronged Chopside.

"The name is rightly chosen," replied his companion. "It is a hive where the bees and drones all herd together. Every other face you meet bears the stamp of thought—intent upon one object—gain. The stockbroker jostles the clerk; the merchant, the porter. You will meet but few beggars. Speculation has no time for charity, and yet there ought to be a sympathy between them, seeing that a dozen words carried on the wings of the electric telegraph may reduce them to the same level. Do you see that individual?" he added, pointing to a dark, gentlemanly-looking man, impatiently wending his way through the crowd. "Mark the compression of his lips, how his hat is drawn over his

brow; ten to one but he has met with a loss; some bank has failed, or shares gone down, and he is thinking of a ruined home, the children he must withdraw from school, the wife remove to an obscure lodging. How carelessly the stout, comfortable-looking personage on the pavement nods to him; probably he has heard the news, and looks upon him as one who may try to borrow; and yet it is not more than an hour, perhaps, since he grasped his hand in all the warmth of city friendship."

"Your portraits are too deeply shaded," said Harold, thoughtfully; "to listen to you one would imagine that you had studied Rembrandt in preference to the glorious masters of sunny Italy."

"Englishmen complain that there is no amusement in the streets of London," continued the former, without heeding the interruption. "They are blind: not a day passes but a drama of strange incidents and effects unrolls itself before their eyes. Chopside is a perfect epic to the man whose intellect is sharpened by hunger; your full stomachs cannot comprehend it."

The speaker threw himself back in the carriage, and continued to gaze on the crowd.

"Dreaming again!" said his companion.

"Not so; I am merely closing the volume I have so often perused," was the reply.

"Never again to open it, I trust," observed Harold.

"You are right: for I am rich now," he replied.

The banking-house of Sir John Sellem and Company was one of the oldest in Lombard street, and, consistent with its age, had a very staid and respectable appearance. No plate-glass windows adorned its modest front, which still retained the sober, primval aashes with which the architect had originally designed it, and the old-fashioned brown canvass blinds behind them to shut out the gaze of the curious.

There was a tradition that the aforesaid blinds had once been green. If so, it must have been at a period too remote for the oldest clerk in the establishment to recollect it, probably in the time of Richard Sellem, the grandfather of the present head of the firm.

Three well worn granite steps led to the door of the bank, which swung upon its hinges with a creaking sound as the two friends passed into the interior of the establishment, where a dozen clerks, all middle-aged men, dressed in black, with irreproachable white neckcloths, were busily engaged, some in making entries in the books, others in receiving or paying out money.

"I wish to see Sir John," said Harry Burg, addressing the head cashier.

"I fear it will be impossible," was the quiet, but not less supercilious reply.

"Good," thought the heir; "but the news has not reached him yet."

"Perhaps you will ascertain for me?" he added, speaking aloud.

In a few moments the cashier returned with a message that the banker was particularly engaged.

"I can wait," answered the former.

"It is useless. Sir John will not see you. You had better write to him."

"I have no time to write," interrupted Harry; "and my business is quite as important as any your employer is engaged in. Does he expect a run upon his bank?" he added, with a smile, "that he denies himself to his customers?"

At the words, "a run upon his bank," which were uttered in rather an elevated tone of voice, several of the persons who were engaged at a counter looked up inquiringly, and the complexion of the head cashier changed from white to a greenish, bilious hue; but still he retained his equanimity, nothing less than an earthquake could have disturbed that.

"I will inform Sir John of your extraordinary conduct, sir," he replied, once more returning to the private room of the head of the firm.

The baronet speedily made his appearance. He was a tall, thin man, with iron gray hair, bushy brows, and lips drawn down at the corners with a sarcastic expression. Generally speaking his complexion resembled that of a mummy, it was so dark and saturnine; but anger had flushed his features, and his piercing dark eyes sparkled like those of an angry viper.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion, sir?" he demanded, haughtily; "and the vile insinuation you have thought fit to make in my establishment? Were I to act as indignation prompts me, I should direct your removal by the police."

"Doubtless," coolly answered his visitor.

"Respect for your worthy cousin alone restrains me," added the banker.

"I am perfectly aware of the feelings you have towards me, Sir John," coolly observed his visitor, "and the part which, from motives I as yet ignore, you took in the estrangement which so long existed between myself and my late cousin."

At the words "late cousin" the man of money started as though he had received an electric shock, and his features became slightly convulsed.

"Late cousin," he slowly repeated.

Harry handed him the *Morning Herald*, and pointed to the paragraph announcing the death of Richard. The banker read it deliberately—twice. While doing so, the perspiration gathered on his brow.

"Poor fellow," he murmured; "so good, so excellent a young man!—cut off in the flower of his age."

"And within a few months of his majority," added Harry.

Sir John Sellem perfectly comprehended all that the speaker intended to convey by this last remark.

"Perhaps, Mr. Burg," he said, "you will do me the favor of walking into my private room; we can converse more at our ease there."

"I thought you were particularly engaged," replied the young man. "If so, I can wait; it will not be the first time that I have done so."

"I am at your disposal."

"Or I can write," as your cashier advised me."

"It is much better that we should arrange the proceedings which this melancholy event has rendered necessary at once," said the banker, whose tone had gradually become more and more oleaginous.

"As you please," replied Harry, exchanging a smile with his friend.

Sir John Sellem walked to one of the desks and wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper.

"Attend to this at once," he said, addressing the head cashier. "This way, gentlemen."

Opening the door, he bowed politely as he ushered the two friends into his private room.

Before uttering a word the banker hastily examined a number of letters which were lying unopened on the table—he had not yet attended to his correspondence. One bore the Oxford post-mark, and was sealed with black; it was from the tutor of his late ward, announcing the melancholy event.

"It is but too certain," he said, with a sigh. "Mr. Burg, it would be hypocrisy were I to offer you my congratulations on your accession to the fortune of your cousin, for I regret his loss too deeply. He was a young gentleman of great promise, and most estimable qualities. I had hoped that—but we are all doomed to disappointment in this world. You will find me prepared to do my duty," he added.

"Frank, at any rate," thought Harold.

"And account for his fortune?" said Harry.

"Of course," replied Sir John, "when the time arrives. Richard was not of age, and—"

"But I am," interrupted the heir.

"True! true! a thousand pardons. My grief has deprived me of my self-possession. What are your present plans?"

"I shall at once proceed to Oxford," answered Harry, "to pay the last duties to my cousin. Cold and selfish as was his treatment to me, I will permit him to be carried to the grave without one kindred step to follow him."

"Had you not better leave that task to me?" suggested the baronet.

"Sir John Sellem, I seldom change my decision."

The banker bit his lips; he was perfectly aware of that important fact.

"For which purpose," continued the speaker, "I shall require an immediate supply of money."

His hearer looked as though the observation had not been directed to him.

"Am I not understood?"

"Perfectly," replied the old man, in a slightly bantering tone. "You require money; nothing more natural; and when you have administered to the estate of my late ward, completed all the necessary forms, you shall have it."

"And not before?"

"Not one shilling!" answered the banker, firmly.

"May I ask the motive for this extraordinary conduct?" demanded the former.

"Business, sir, a mere matter of business; it is against all rule to—"

"Phaw!" interrupted the heir; "I asked for the motive, not the pretext. Do you play at chess, Sir John?"

"Sometimes!"

"So do I. It requires a clever player to give mate with the pawn. Good morning!"

The speaker and Harold both rose at the same instant to quit the room. The baronet accompanied them to the counting-house. The instant he saw

the cashier his countenance changed, as it had done when Harry informed him of the death of his ward.

"Why have you not attended to my orders?" he exclaimed, in an angry tone.

"You forgot to write the name of the place I was to order an especial—"

"Enough," hastily interrupted his employer; "I will see to it myself. I have no time to attend to you now," he said, addressing an elegant looking girl, about eighteen years of age, dressed in deep mourning, who was standing near the counter.

"But one word, Sir John," answered the young lady, imploringly.

"Not a syllable," was the brutal rejoinder; "call in a day or two, and we will see what can be done."

So saying, the man of money darted into his private room, closing the door angrily after him. The suppliant dropped her veil, and taking the arm of a respectable-looking female, who had all the appearance of a servant, slowly quitted the banking-house, but not before Harry Burg had time to remark the extreme beauty of her countenance—the deep sorrow, the despair, imprinted on its expressive features. It was one of those faces which, once contemplated, returns to us in our dreams.

"Decidedly your cousin's guardian is a most unamiable personage," observed Harold, as they were seated in the brougham, "and I no longer wonder at your dislike to him. I would neither trust my happiness nor my fortune in the hands of such a man. Still I cannot comprehend the motives of his strange conduct."

"And I can only suspect them," replied his companion. "You heard what fell from the cashier—'You forgot to write the name of the place I was to order an especial—' 'train for,' doubtless, he would have said, had not his employer interrupted him."

A new light suddenly broke in upon our hero.

"His plan," continued Harry, "is to reach Oxford before me, and obtain possession of my cousin's papers. There is a mystery in all this I vainly would fathom, but am powerless. Sir John knows I am all but penniless."

"But not without a friend," exclaimed his young benefactor, reproachfully, "if you will allow me to claim the privilege of one. You are right," he added; "see! see!"

A Hansom cab, with the cashier inside, dashed past them; the man raised his hat and bowed to them with an ironical politeness.

"Home," said Harold to the coachman. "You spoke of chess, Harry; we shall 'mate' the banker yet."

An hour later the two friends, attended by Tom, arrived at the station, and inquired of the superintendent whether an especial train had not been ordered for Oxford.

"For Sir John Sellem?"

"Yes."

"Quite ready, gentlemen," replied the official, not doubting but they were the party for whom it had been commanded, especially as our hero, on settling for the train, added a guinea for himself for his punctuality. "This way."

Without the least hesitation they all three entered the carriage. The signal was given, and the train started, impelled by the engine's fiery breath.

"We have won the move," observed Harold, as he threw himself back in his seat; "and to skilful players that is always an advantage."

"In the game between Sir John and myself, it is victory," replied Harry Burg, shaking him warmly by the hand.

About half an hour after their departure, the banker drove up and inquired if the train was ready.

"Where to, sir?" demanded the head porter.

"Oxford."

"Starts at four."

"I mean an especial one ordered for Sir John Sellem," replied the gentleman, impatiently.

"Gone nearly an hour since."

Our readers may imagine the rage and disappointment of the baronet when he discovered that he had been so cleverly outwitted. It was in vain that he requested the superintendent to telegraph to Oxford to arrest the travellers as swindlers. The man very properly refused. The young gentlemen, he said, had paid for the train. It might be a mistake, but certainly nothing more.

Sir John regarded his watch.

"How soon can you have a train ready?"

"Half an hour, sir."

"Twenty guineas for yourself if it starts in as many minutes," was the reply.

It was ready; and the gentleman, having paid the promised gratuity, threw himself, in no very enviable humor, into the carriage.

"I must trust to the chapter of accidents," he said, as he whirled along the iron road; "they may be detained, or meet with some difficulty at the college. If they arrive before me I am ruined."

He pulled his hat yet more resolutely over his brows, and sat revolving in his busy brain the chances *pro* and *con*, till he arrived at Oxford, which on inquiry he found the travellers had reached only half an hour before him.

CHAPTER VI.

Why should not conscience have vacation,
As well as other courts of the nation?
Have an equal power to adjourn,
Apportion appearance and return?—BUTLER.

WHEN Sir John Sellem arrived at the rooms of his late ward in Christ College he found Harry Burg in the act of sealing a packet of letters and papers which he had selected from an open desk before him. The countenance of the heir was pale and thoughtful—no expression of triumph or sign of joy on it.

Overwhelmed by the conviction that he had arrived too late, the banker sank upon a chair, and regarded him for some time in silence.

"You know all," he said at last.

"All!" repeated the young man, in a tone of profound disgust. "I told you that it was difficult to give checkmate with the pawn. The game is played, and I am the victor."

He thrust the packet into his bosom and buttoned the coat closely over it.

"I have discovered the key of your enigma," he continued; "and can perfectly comprehend my wealthy cousin's conduct to me. It was consistent—was worthy of him; but your?"

"Hear my explanation before you judge it," interrupted the baronet. "The secret was not mine alone. I had no right to betray the confidence reposed in me."

"Reposed in you?" exclaimed Harry, with a bitter smile; "say rather, which you obtained surreptitiously, and used for your own ends. Would you believe it, Harold?" he continued, turning to his friend: "Richard Burg was illegitimate, and that man knew it; consented to assist in robbing me of my inheritance, in driving me to starvation, beggary, and death, in order to share the plunder with his excellent, conscientious, honorable ward!"

"Impossible! Human nature cannot be so black," observed our hero.

"I do not wonder at your incredulity," replied his friend, "for we are most of us incredulous the first time we behold the mask torn from the face of hypocrisy. Look at him! I have walked the streets of London without a dinner, and he knew it; but the world, the poor blind world, deems him an honorable man. His name stands fair in the mart for honest dealing. Who, to look on those grey hairs, would imagine they thatched such an amount of villainy and cunning! He has not even the excuse of poverty for his conduct," he added; "for, if report speaks truly, the thing is rich in the earth's dross—bankrupt in naught but honor."

"I will repair the past," muttered the old man, completely crushed by the overwhelming denunciation.

"Repair it!" repeated the indignant heir. "Like the fools of the age, he thinks every wrong may be atoned by gold; but of that I have enough already. Give me back the confidence in my fellow-creatures—the trust in human nature, the hopes and sympathies which made existence joyous; erase from my brain the sting of a thousand humiliations, temptations which the soul struggled with in solitude and poverty, till worn and sick of earth it dared to contemplate a refuge in the grave, despite the laws of its Creator. Cleanse me of that remorse," he added; "then speak of repairing the evil you have caused."

Alarmed by the increasing excitement of the speaker, Harold quitted his position by the window, and gently laid his hand upon his arm.

"No more on that subject," he whispered. "He cannot understand you."

"True! true! I have no right to act the Mentor."

Sir John Sellem was a man of keen perception; experience in dealing with the world had taught him to read mankind; and he perused the page, if not for instruction, at least for profit.

"What am I to expect?" he asked, in a submissive tone.

"Justice!" replied Harry Burg, sternly, "if its hand is strong enough to reach you; but at least the disgrace with which every honorable man must brand your conduct towards me."

"I shall not live to meet it," replied the banker, in a despairing tone, "for it will involve the ruin of my fortune—the degradation of my only child—misery

to hundreds. Farewell, sir. I make no appeal for your forbearance, for, after the wrongs you have received at my hands, I am well aware they must be useless. You either are, or affect to be," he added, "something of a philosopher. Did it ever strike you that, if it is permitted man to judge of crime, it is reserved for Heaven to consider the temptation?"

"True," thought Harry, "true. I, who paused only on the verge of the most awful of all offences, presume to arraign my fellow worm!"

This reflection brought with it a profound humiliation. "Heaven has shown itself more merciful to you," continued the baronet, who had carefully noted the effect his words had produced; "it saved you from suicide; it drives me to —"

"Do not blaspheme," interrupted the heir, "lest, indignant at your ingratitude, it hardens the heart already softened. You say truly—man judges the crime, Heaven the temptation. To Heaven I leave you. Return to London, and, as soon as the necessary forms permit, prepare yourself to render a strict account of the stewardship you have so long usurped over my fortune. Your secret, sir, is safe. Not a word. I hate the cant of gratitude; it is more offensive even than that of generosity."

The culprit possessed too much tact to sin against so positive a recommendation. He bowed respectfully and appeared profoundly touched.

"And the letters?"

"I shall be destroyed on the same day that I sign a release to your accounts as guardian to my late cousin."

"May I offer?" said Sir John, in an insinuating tone, and at the same time drawing forth his pocket book.

"Not a shilling till I have administered to my cousin's estate, and all the necessary forms are completed," answered the heir, repeating the words he had used in the private room of the banking house. "We have nothing further to discuss; your continued presence in Oxford is unnecessary. I shall see to my cousin's funeral myself."

With an abashed air the banker withdrew, secretly smiling at the simplicity of the man he fancied he had duped by his pretended remorse, and rejoicing at having escaped exposure. But he had still a heavy weight upon his mind. It was how to account for the vast sums which had accumulated in his hands during the long minority of Richard Burg, sums which he had used in his various speculations on the Stock Exchange as freely as if they had been his own. With the legitimate cousin this would have been an easy task. But not so with Harry.

"You have acted nobly," observed Harold to his friend, as soon as they were alone. "In your place I fear I scarcely should have been generous enough to show so much forbearance."

"Do not praise me," replied the heir. "There is little merit in my conduct. I look upon the sacrifice of my resentment as an humble attempt at atonement."

"Atonement! For what?"

"For my own errors, my own want of reliance upon Providence. Pray do not question me on this subject any further."

Our hero recollected the circumstances under which they first met, the settled, resolute despair he had read in the pale features of his friend, and shuddered. He understood his feelings, and they increased the regard he already began to entertain for him.

Directly after the funeral of Richard Burg, which was private and unostentatious, they returned to town, where Harold found letters awaiting his arrival from Granston Park.

For several days Sir John Sellem remained busily occupied in preparing the accounts for the inspection of the legal adviser of Harry Burg. Nothing could appear more straightforward than the manner in which he rendered them; for every shilling received or expended there was a voucher. But there remained an enormous balance against him, and the question was, how to meet it; for the nefarious compact with his late ward was not the only speculation he had engaged in which had turned out unfortunate. True, he had ample funds in his hands in the shape of Exchequer bills and foreign bonds; but they had been left with him by his various clients for security, not as deposits which he might legitimately employ in the business of the bank; and, moreover, were liable to be called for at a moment's notice. No wonder he hesitated before violating the confidence reposed in him.

The fatal day at last arrived. All the necessary forms had been gone through; Harry had taken out letters of administration as his cousin's heir, generously refusing to brand the memory of one who had treated him so heartlessly with dishonesty, or his name with illegitimacy. At the appointed hour he arrived at the bank, attended by his solicitor.

The banker, attended by his own legal adviser, was already waiting in his private room.

"Have you gone over the accounts, Mr. Burg?" inquired the former, blandly.

"I have."

"I trust you are satisfied that I have been a faithful guardian?"

"Of the property, most certainly," answered the gentleman.

Sir John felt the distinction, but was too polite to resent it—he was still in his power.

The release was signed, and a sum exceeding thirty thousand pounds handed over to the heir in Bank of England notes.

"I thought you might prefer receiving it in that form," observed the baronet, "to a cheque upon my house." "Not," he continued, "but the firm of Sellem and Company will feel themselves honored should you think fit to continue the relations which have so long subsisted between their bank and your family."

"I bank with Drummond," replied Harry, coolly.

The two legal gentlemen exchanged glances of surprise.

"Before quitting Lombard street," continued the speaker, "I wish to have a few minutes' private conversation with Sir John."

The lawyers took the hint, and retired.

"I have not forgotten my promise," said the young man, as soon as they were alone, "and am ready to fulfil it. Here," he added, drawing a letter from the packet which he held in his hand, "is the letter in which you informed Richard Burg of the discovery you had made respecting his birth; this contains the conditions on which you agree to suppress it, with several more which passed between you before you came to a final arrangement. But here is one, which I confess I do not understand; perhaps you will enlighten me. You say that his father's bond for five thousand pounds, given to Captain Cheerly, is in your hands. Who was Captain Cheerly?"

"A friend of your late uncle's, who died on foreign service," answered the banker, without the least sign of embarrassment.

"And why was the bond given?"

"As security for a sum borrowed to clear off a mortgage on the estate."

"And has that bond been paid?"

"Nearly a year since. If you refer to the vouchers you will find a discharge in the hand-writing of Emma Cheerly, the captain's only child."

Harry looked over the papers. Everything appeared so fair and straightforward—the answers of the banker so perfectly unembarrassed, that he no longer doubted; but placing the letters on the table, took up his hat to quit the room.

"There are the title-deeds of your shame, Sir John Sellem," he said. "Destroy them, or preserve them as a warning for the future, just as you think fit. I have kept my promise; redeem yourself in your own estimation by upright conduct for the future; and if the forgiveness of one whom you cruelly injured be of any value to you, or can conduce to your peace of mind, accept it—it is yours."

So saying he quitted the room.

Without uttering a single word, the banker carefully examined every letter, and when satisfied that they were the originals, thrust them into the fire, and stood stirring them with the poker till the last fragment was consumed. That done, he seated himself in his easy chair, and fell into a profound meditation.

He was one of those men who would pause for a long time upon the verge of crime, but the Rubicon once passed, pursue the career with skill and boldness; for he had not only a heart, but a nerve of iron, and under the mask of apparent coldness, concealed a passionate, proud, revengeful heart.

Unlocking a small ebony desk which stood on the table beside him, he drew from it a memorandum book, and wrote in it a few lines.

"It is duly entered," he said. "Harry Burg, debtor to Sir John Sellem, the estate of Burg Hall and thirty thousand pounds. I am a merciful creditor. I'll not be outdone in generosity; he shall have three years to pay me in."

The cashier entered the room just as he replaced the memorandum book in the desk, to inform his employer that Miss Cheerly had been waiting some time in the office in the hope of seeing him.

"Was she there when Mr. Burg passed through?" inquired the baronet.

"No, Sir John."

"How her son?"

The same interesting girl whose appearance had attracted the attention of Harry on the occasion of his former visit to the bank, was ushered in. She was still attired in deep mourning; but the dress fitted her more loosely than before. A light blue circle had formed round her lustrous eyes, and the

cheeks appeared paler and were thinner. There was something inexpressibly sad in the anxious look she fixed on the banker as he pointed to a chair.

"I thank you, Sir John," she said, in a low musical voice, "but I am wet through, and it might not be safe to approach the fire."

The gentleman looked towards the window: the rain was falling in torrents.

"May I ask," she added, "if you have received any intelligence respecting the bond?"

"Not the slightest, my dear young lady," replied the hypocrite, in a tone of paternal kindness; "and yet I have made every effort to trace it. Are you quite sure," he added, "that it was never paid?"

"Quite," repeated his visitor. "My dear father told me so."

The words faltered slightly on the lips of the speaker: her heart was full.

"Could I not see Mr. Burg?" she asked. "Surely, if he were informed of my friendless position, as a gentleman—a man of honor, he never would refuse payment on a mere legal technicality. I speak not of my own privations and sufferings, though these are sometimes hard to bear; but those of the aged, faithful creature who has no other dependence than my labor; and lately," she added, "I have been too ill to earn much."

"Mr. Richard Burg is dead," said Sir John.

"I saw the account of the unfortunate accident in the paper," observed Miss Cheerly.

"Reads the papers?" thought the banker.

"But his heir?" she added.

"Is a libertine," interrupted the gentleman. "One of those depraved and heartless wretches who make innocence and poverty their prey. Besides, he is on the Continent. All I can recommend to you is patience. I know it is a hard lesson," he added, "but it is better than the heritage of shame."

A slight blush suffused the cheek of his visitor.

"I will write to him again upon the subject, and press it upon his attention," continued the dissembler, "for your unfortunate position deeply interests me. I cannot comprehend how my late friend left his daughter in such a destitute position."

"Was he your friend?" exclaimed the poor girl, glancing at the same time at her drenched garments, and mentally wondering how any one who had known and loved her father could witness unmoved the misery of his child.

The baronet did not think proper to hear the question.

"I always imagined that he was rich," he observed.

"I believed so, too," replied Miss Cheerly; "for, till his death, which took place most suddenly, I was indulged in all that the hand of affection could lavish on an only child."

"It was in Italy you lost him, I believe?"

"Yes."

The intelligence which his visitor had displayed on more than one occasion when discussing with him the means of retracing the bond which her father had placed in the hands of the banker for safety, warned Sir John that it might be dangerous to rouse anything like a suspicion of his motives or character. He had spoken of Captain Cheerly as his friend, and prudence obliged him to act up to the character, if not to its fullest extent, at least sufficiently to save appearances.

"My dear young lady," he said, "I am grieved that you have not sooner made me acquainted with your necessities—poverty, I supposed, but not destitution."

He placed five sovereigns in her hand.

"See me again in a month's time; perhaps I may have more favorable intelligence to communicate to you."

"Oh, Sir John! my thanks, my —"

"Not a word—not a syllable," interrupted the gentleman; "I don't deserve them."

For once he spoke the truth.

"It is little good," he added, "that I can perform; for my means are not large, although the world gives me credit for being rich; but what I can do, I do cheerfully. By the bye," he added, as if struck by some sudden idea, "would you like to accept a position as companion of a young lady who is going out to join her husband in India? I think it not impossible but I might procure you such a situation."

His visitor assured him that she should gratefully accept it; and, once more repeating her thanks, she took her leave.

"Five pounds," muttered the banker; "charity! Well, well, it is but an instalment—a poor dividend. I can't complain."

And, throwing himself into his easy chair, began to meditate again.

"We will ride, nurse," said Miss Cheerly, taking the arm of the female who had remained waiting for her in the bank during the interview we have described.

"Ride!" repeated the old woman, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, nurse."

"Why, they have never found the bond, have they, darling?"

"No, but Sir John has spared me the pain and humiliation of an appeal to his benevolence which I meditated," answered the young lady, "and assisted me unasked."

"Heaven bless him!" exclaimed the nurse. "Every one says he is a good, kind man."

"Amen," said the grateful girl. "I, indeed, have cause to speak well of him."

Getting into a cab, the speakers drove to their humble lodging in the neighborhood of Vauxhall; but, when they drove up, Miss Cheerly was so benumbed by the rain and cold that she was unable to alight without assistance, and had to be conveyed at once to her bed. Before morning she was in a high fever.

How frequently have we had occasion, in our experience through life, to mark the readiness with which the poor assist the poor. In the same house in which the strangers lodged resided a simple, honest girl, named Nancy Bligh, who obtained her living as a sempstress. The poor thing worked from morning till night, toiling at what is generally called slop work.

No sooner did she hear that the young lady in the room below had been brought home ill than she at once installed herself in her chamber, and took upon herself the office of nurse.

In the course of the evening the landlady of the house came in, and, seeing the state of her lodger, recommended that a surgeon should be instantly sent for.

"Alas!" replied the old woman, "neither my dear young lady nor myself have any money. What will become of us! Would we were dead!"

"No money!" repeated Nancy; "well, that is a good one. Did I not see you take four sovereigns, and I don't know how much silver, from the little black silk bag?"

"Dear me! dear me! I had quite forgotten it. Yes, yes; we have some money. My grief has nearly deprived me of reason."

"Well, it may be grief," thought Nancy, "but it is a queer way of showing it."

And the kind-hearted girl seated herself once more by the side of the bed.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN LIFE.—American life is but the agony of fever. There is no repose for us. We push on in frenzied excitement through the crowds, the noise, the hot glare and dust of the highways, without turning for a moment to refresh ourselves in the quiet and shade of the by-paths of life. We have but one object in our rapid journey, and that is to get the start of our fellow-travellers. Our political equality, offering to all a chance for the prizes of life, and thus encouraging every one to try his speed in the race, is no doubt a spur to the characteristic hurry of Americans. Our institutions, however, are not responsible for the prize we choose to strive for. There is no reason that we know of why a republican should have no other aim in life but to get richer than his neighbor; but there are a thousand good reasons, if we value health and happiness, why we should pursue other and higher objects. When the pursuit of wealth is the great purpose of life in so rapidly a progressive state of material prosperity as exists in our commercial communities, it requires exclusive devotion and the highest strain of the faculties to succeed. A fair competence, however, is easily reached; and if we had learned to care for better things, we would not strive for more.

CIRCULATING THE DOCUMENTS.—It appears by the Secretary's report that the Washington Republican Association published and circulated about four millions of documents during this campaign. There were eighty different kinds of pamphlets, among them one hundred thousand of Mr. Blair's letter; about three hundred thousand of Senator Seward's; two hundred and eighty thousand of Senator Sumner's; one hundred and forty-three thousand of Senator Wilson's; and one hundred and thirty-six thousand of Mr. Colfax's speeches; together with one hundred and sixty-five thousand of the Kansas Investigation Committee's report.

INTERESTING FROM SALT LAKE.

THE Salt Lake mail arrived on the 31st ult., bringing us papers from Salt Lake City as late as the 6th of October. The cold weather had already commenced in Utah. As early as the 6th of September, snow fell to the depth of six inches at Fort Bridger, and to the depth of a foot at Fort Supply. The snow had prostrated the wheat, which had not been cut, so as to make it much more troublesome to gather.

On the 26th of September the first hand-cart companies arrived at the Lake. This, we believe, is a new feature in travelling on the Plains. The emigrants are supplied with light carts, instead of ox wagons, which they draw themselves; thus travelling at much less expense and trouble than the old plan.

The self-denials, privations and patience displayed by these people, in their endeavors to reach what they call the "promised land," in order to enjoy their peculiar religion and institutions in peace, is certainly worthy of a better cause. The length of travel performed by these companies on foot, pulling their own provisions and bedding, and accompanied by their women and children, is over 1,500 miles, through a country without inhabitants, except of hostile Indians. Speaking of this journey, the Salt Lake News says:

"This journey has been performed with less than the average amount of mortality usually attending ox trains; and all, though somewhat fatigued, stepped out with alacrity to the last, and appeared buoyant and cheerful. They had often travelled 25 and 30 miles in a day, and would have come through in a much shorter time, had they not been obliged to wait upon the slow motion of the oxen attached to the few wagons containing the tents and groceries."

Much credit is due to Capt. Ellsworth for having walked the entire distance, thus cheering and encouraging his company by example as well as precept, and the saints, with their hand-carts, aided by Capt. Ellsworth and McArthur and their Assistants, Elders Oakley, Butler, Crandall and Leonard, and guided and sustained by the Almighty, have preached to the anguished and sorrowful than the voice of many teachers. And thus has been successfully accomplished a plan, devised by the wisdom and forethought of our President, for rapidly gathering the poor, almost entirely independent of the wealth so closely hoarded beyond their reach.

Notwithstanding the short crops and dull times in the valley, there seems to be some improvement going on in the way of building. The News says:

President Grant, in the midst of his missionary labors, and farming improvements and operations, is enlarging his city residence, feeling that want of more dwelling-room so incident to those who observe the "peculiar institution."

The "peculiar institution" here meant is the fruitfulness of President Grant's many wives. Governor Young, also, it appears, has made a large addition to his house-room, to accommodate his growing family. If these people multiply and replenish to such an extent when starvation stares them in the face, what will they do when the Valley returns to its usual fruitfulness?

The high priests of the order seem to be in a fair way to raise up a sufficiency of prophets to overrun the earth.

It seems to be the intention of the saints to postpone the application for admission into our Union until the Kansas question is settled. If that question is settled so as to recognize the principle of squatter sovereignty to its full extent, then there will be no difficulty in their getting into the Confederacy. For if Congress has no control over the institutions of a territory, of course Utah has a right to enter our Confederacy, with a constitution recognizing polygamy in its fullest extent, without being questioned.

PHILOPENA.—A correspondent of the Taunton Gazette writes from Berlin the following account of this game as practised among the Germans: "Here, when a couple exchange philopenas, the object of each is not mainly to be the first to pronounce the common word at their next meeting, but with the exchange the sport has not begun. The after object is to draw the other into accepting some offer, and if that is done, the 'philopena' is spoken, and a forfeit required. To illustrate it better by example: A and B exchange philopenas at a party, and in a few days after, A calls upon B at his or house. B, instead of waiting to be asked in, enters just before the invitation; if offered a chair, takes a seat upon the sofa; if B presses the butter to A at the table, A takes cheese instead, and so on, always taking care to accept nothing, but in a quiet way endeavoring to force the other party into acceptance of some offer on his own side. If at visit either is successful, he immediately says 'Philopena'; but if both should always be on their guard, the thing may pass on to a subsequent occasion. The reader will instantly see how preferable this method is to our own, where oftentimes there is a rude haste exhibited to be the first to speak, and where the person who has the least on his mind is generally successful."

Prof. Mahan's misadventure at the Court of St. James revives our remembrance of a similar affair at the Court of Louis Philippe some twenty-five years ago, which, however, terminated differently. A worthy citizen of Boston was desirous of being presented at a Royal Ball, but lacked the costume. Military uniform or a court dress were then, as now indispensable; and it was too late to get either. His more fortunate friends, "in full rig," took leave of him at his lodgings, with many expressions of regret, that he could not accompany them. No sooner were they out of the house than he determined he would, at any rate, try the experiment. Within an hour he made his appearance at the door of the Throne Room at Versailles, arrayed in all the glory of his best blue coat, white vest, and nankeen trousers. Here the horrified Master of the Ceremonies stopped him, and pointing to his nankeens, endeavored, by word and sign, to convince him that his dress was not *comme il faut*, and that he must retire. "Dress—dress," said the traveller, "not pass—not enter? Why it is the same dress I always wear in the General Court at Boston." No sooner were the words uttered than the door flew open, and the obsequious valet "booming and booming," preceded him, and announced in a loud voice, "Monsieur le General Court de Boston," to the infinite amazement and amusement of his American friends, and the great delight of the new made General.

M. ALEX. AUMONT, the Napoleon of the French turf, has brought an action against a French railway company, whose line crosses his celebrated private race-field and stables at Chantilly, laying his damages at \$100,000. He alleges the passage of railway-trains destroys the nerves of race-horses. His stock of blooded horses is advertised to be sold at auction; this, however, is the third or fourth time they have been sold at auction, and he will, doubtless, buy them all in, as he has hitherto done. The railway company offers him \$6,000 damages. Perhaps railroads will account for the increased amount of nerves in the Yahoo, as well as the Hounghm race. It is well to know that, whereas in old times women hadn't any nerves, now the whole bulk of an educated lady is more than half nerves. Investigate.

SPORTING IN FRANCE.—The Empress Eugenie has already distinguished herself as a shot. Having, a year or two ago, brought down an imperial eagle by shooting her eyes at him, she has added to the achievement by bagging nine pheasants. The *Moniteur* assures us that the loyal and affectionate birds felt more than they could express at the killing kindness! Why not? What says the poet?

"Eels would be proud to lose their coat,
If skinned by Molly Dampier's hand."

Nevertheless, we think beauty should leave such matters to the beast.

CLOAKS.

FROM FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1856.

We have been favored by Mr. George Bulpin, of 361 Broadway, with a magnificent display of cloaks, lately received from Paris, which we take no small degree of pleasure in laying before our readers, presenting as it does a variety of garments, unique in form, and arranged with an elegance of detail which few garments of the class can equal.

No. 1 is called the "Favelli." The material is black velvet, arranged in the form of a talma, which is partially fitted to the figure by three seams, extending the full length of the back. A graceful flowing sleeve forms a pretty addition to this garment. The decorations consist of two deep rows of guipure lace, on the head of which there is a *passementerie* trimming. The dress is plain silk, and has two founces of a material imitating fancy fur.

No. 2, the "Phœbus," is a cloak of black swansdown cloth, having a shoulder piece decorated with braid loops. A border of velvet, four inches wide, terminated by a heavy frill of black fringe, surrounds the entire garment. The dress is *moiré antique*, enriched with tiny black balls, arranged so as to form a stripe.

No. 3 is another style of cloak, called the "Princess." The material is black velvet, the form that of a talma, of sufficient width to fall in ample folds about the person. The bottom of the garment is enriched by a border of guipure lace more than half a yard in depth, surmounted by a broad insertion of guipure sewed on flat. A border of the same rich lace, with a similar heading, surrounds the shoulders. The dress is plain paduero, and has a double skirt, bordered with an ornament of *bossel* velvet.

No. 4 is still another style of cloak, called the "Adalbert." The material is black swansdown cloth, arranged in the form of a deep shawl in the back. The fronts have a square termination, and are of nearly the same length as the back. A superb fringe of jet beads

THE LATEST FASHIONS.



1

2

3

4

surrounds the entire garment. The dress is brocade, striped across on a plain ground.

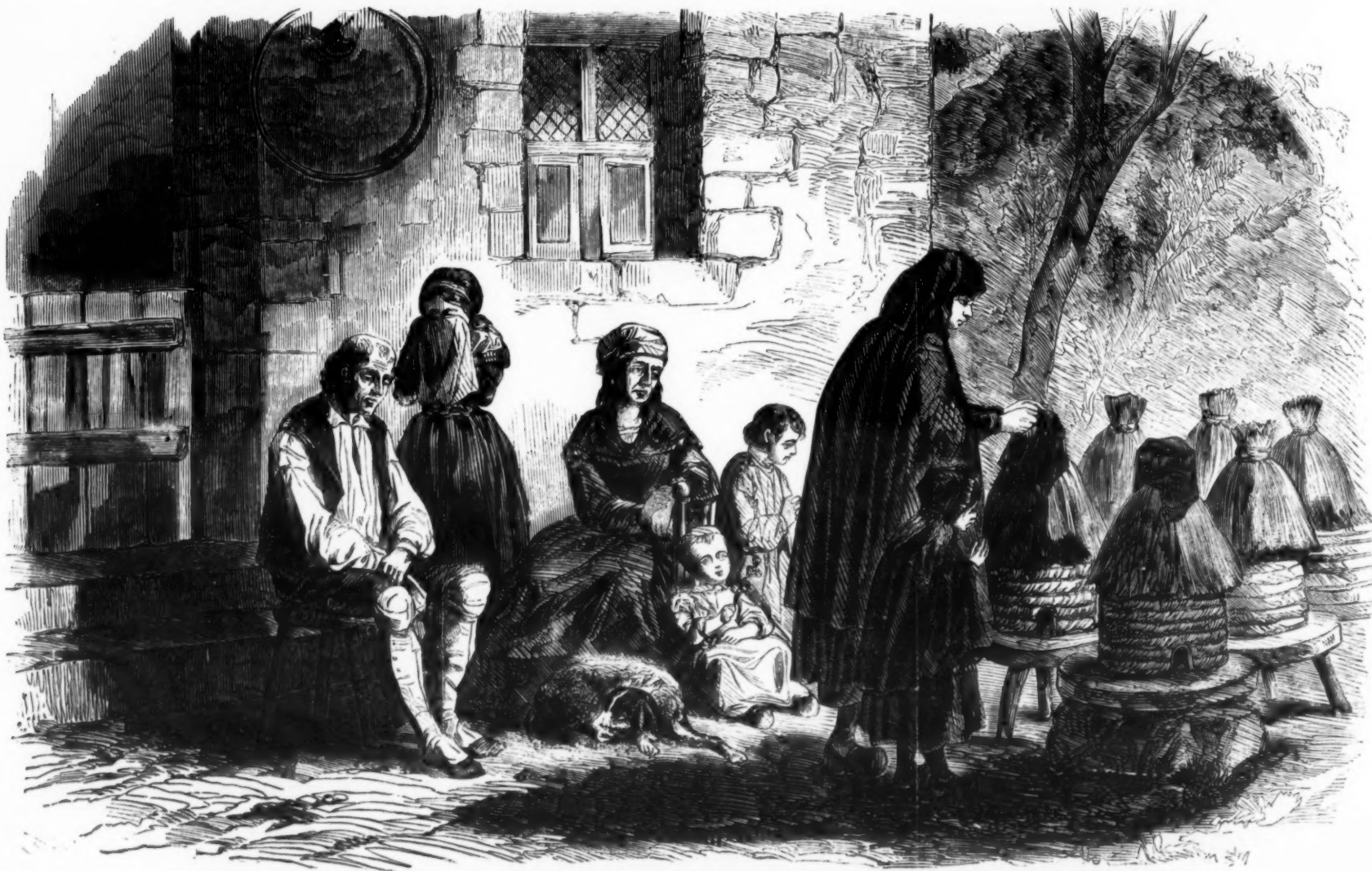
PUTTING THE BEE HIVES IN MOURNING.

A FRENCH RURAL CUSTOM.

ALL rural communities in every country are full of pretty customs and traditions, which give fine ideas of the moral feelings of the

people, and take us at a step into the very hearts of the community—into their very firesides—the inmost feelings. The sweetest things in poetry are founded upon moral traditions. The French peasantry, as might be supposed, are full of this imagery, and have many customs not common to other countries, founded in part upon their religion, and increased in a good degree by their naturally lively temperaments. One of the most striking of these simple episodes displays their sympathy for the humble but ever industrious bee.

So intimately do they connect this little insect with their own life, that they believe when a death occurs in the family the bees mourn for the loss, and if not properly shrouded in mourning, will leave their hives, or depart to a more genial and appreciative neighborhood. Our engraving illustrates the beautiful custom. While one of the matrons of the household is putting the crape on the hives, the other members stand by sorrowing, and the little girl, overwhelmed by her inward emotion, sobs aloud.



PUTTING THE BEE-HIVES IN MOURNING, A FRENCH RURAL CUSTOM.



KATE AND ROSA AT THE PIANO.—A SCENE FROM THE SLAVE SMUGGLERS.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE SLAVE SMUGGLERS:

OR,
THE BELLES OF THE BAY.

A LEGEND OF LOUISIANA.

(Commenced in No. 46.)

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

Baptiste and his sons were in the employment of Lafitte, and their duty was to convey persons having business with his agent to and from the island on which he lived, and also to bring up the slaves purchased by the company already mentioned. For these purposes a small schooner had been furnished them, in which they also made occasional trading trips to New Orleans, with hides, peltries, beeswax, poultry and other products of the country. The remainder of their time was spent in the same manner as that of their compatriots in the adjoining parishes, herding their cattle and making and smoking cigars, the tobacco of which was raised by the females of the family. These consisted of a stout, good-humored, good-looking dame, "fat and forty" though not fair, as her complexion was of the deepest brown, and three bouncing daughters, who emulated their mother in comeliness and proportions, whilst their charms were enhanced by the advantages of youth. To them were assigned not only the duties usually performed by their sex, but also most of those elsewhere considered the sole province of the males.

Upon entering the house, Henry found it very clean and neat; much more so indeed than its outward appearance promised. Mr. Cameron and Thompson were old acquaintances and were received and welcomed as such by the old man. The buxom young ladies, as they bustled in and out of the house in the performance of their domestic duties, cast many a stolen glance at the handsome young stranger, whose clear complexion differed so materially from the tanned and bilious visages of their brothers and other male acquaintances. Even, however, had their bashfulness permitted the conversation, which Henry attempted, it could not have been carried on, for they spoke no English, and Henry soon found that his college French was a very different language from the mixed jargon in which the old man and his sons kept up a conversation with Mr. Cameron and Thompson, until supper was announced.

This meal consisted of an immense wooden bowl of black and unctuous looking gumbo, a soup made of jerked beef, thickened with the powdered leaf of the Sasaparilla shrub; pieces of the beef made into a stew, of which red pepper and garlic were prominent ingredients; corn bread and black coffee, sweetened with honey, without cream or milk—it being too great an exertion for the men to prepare an inclosure for keeping the calves separate from the cows; and the women not being competent to such a task, the family consequently did without milk or butter, though possessed of cows that might have been numbered by the score.

Supper over, an hour or two was consumed in smoking and chatting, and then their host conducted them into a back room and showed them their places of repose. These consisted of frames or cribs, constructed of pine poles, over which hides had been stretched whilst green. A thin mattress or bed of corn shucks was covered with clean though coarse sheets, and a coverlet. Neither Mr. Cameron nor Thompson were at all fastidious, and even Henry thought the exchange from his bivouac of the night before a good one; but before he closed his eyes he found out his mistake, for innumerable mosquitoes swarmed about his couch, which was unprotected by a net or bar, and tormented him with their fiery stings—and he also fancied that other and more silent assailants were not wanting. As he rolled and turned about, the dry hide crackling beneath, he would most willingly have exchanged his lodgings for the bare ground of the camp the night before.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Sir, you are very welcome to our house; it must appear in other ways than words, therefore, I omit this breathing courtesy."—SHAKESPEARE.

As the nature of their couches was not such as to tempt a longer occupancy of them than was unavoidable, the travellers were again up at the dawn of day, and Thompson, who was not at all scrupulous in quickening the motions of the indolent and sluggish creoles, soon aroused them from their beds, which, though of the same description as those of their guests, custom and use had made as acceptable as the softest down to more refined or luxurious tastes. As soon as they were fairly awake and had swallowed their cup of coffee and

lighted their cigars, they commenced preparations for getting their little schooner ready for her voyage down the lake. This operation, however, required more time than might reasonably have been expected, the halyards of the mainsail having been unroved to serve for lariats in roping cattle, and the sail itself converted into a temporary threshing floor for beating out the peas raised by the female laborers of these petty lords of creation.

Under the active superintendence and energetic measures of Thompson, these were at length replaced, and everything else necessary accomplished, and after a breakfast, very similar to the meal of the preceding evening, the party got aboard, the schooner was unmoored, and they commenced their voyage down the river, leaving their horses in the care of one of the younger male Baptists, who remained behind. The place from which they had embarked, was some ten or twelve miles from the mouth of the river, where it emptied into the lake, and was the first high point on the bank, or where the pine-woods approached the river—the banks below overflowing in the frequent freshets of the stream above. At this time, however, the river was low and perfectly clear, its banks being several feet above the deck of the little craft.

Their progress down the stream was rather tedious, the dense growth on its banks impeding the passage of the wind and preventing it filling the sails which they had hoisted. Very frequently they were compelled to push the bark along with poles set against the banks in the bottom of the river. In time, however, they reached its mouth, and, gliding out into the open lake, where the breeze, having free access to their hitherto useless and bagging sails, distended them and sent the schooner flying down the lake at a lively rate, the water foaming at her bow as she rushed through it. Soon the shores at the mouth of the river grew dim in the distance, and, at last, faded entirely from their sight. Island after island rose in view, was passed, and disappeared, and last of all, the dim outline of the one which was the haven of their voyage was perceived in the distance. As they approached it nearer, the grove of oaks rose above the surface, and the white walls of the houses gleamed brightly out. Nearer and nearer they glided towards it, and, reaching the marsh, coasted along it, and passing the mouth of the bayou, arrived opposite the house and anchored within a few yards of the beach.

As Henry gazed in surprised and delighted astonishment at the lovely picture presented to his view, his previous incredulity began to give way; for there was something in the air and appearance of the place he now beheld for the first time which forcibly impressed upon his mind the conviction, that he should find in its inhabitants beings as far superior to the estimate he had formed of them in his own mind as was their home in beauty and taste to his expectations.

From the deck of the schooner a group of figures was seen standing on the gallery of the house; and, even at that distance, Mr. Cameron distinguished and pointed out to his nephew the persons of Lawton, his wife, and the two young ladies.

"Aye," said Thompson, "they are spying at us now;" and Henry could perceive that a glass or telescope was passing from one to another of the persons in the gallery and directed towards them. Conscious of being thus exposed to a searching scrutiny, which he could neither elude or return, for the first time for years he felt disconcerted and embarrassed, and actually blushed under the investigation of his unknown examiners.

As they descended into the skiff to be rowed to the beach, the shallowness of the water preventing the nearer approach of the schooner, they perceived Lawton coming down to the shore to meet them, which he did a few moments after they had landed. He received and welcomed Mr. Cameron and Thompson with great cordiality and pleasure, and, on being introduced to Henry, his civilities were also extended to him, with a warmth of manner and graceful politeness, that convinced his young guest at once of his host's sincerity, and of the truth of his uncle's description.

"Come, gentlemen," said Lawton, "walk to the house. We were expecting you, Mr. Cameron; for old Baptiste told me you had got back. Mrs. Lawton and the girls will be delighted to see you."

Proceeding leisurely along the walk that led to the house, the party approached it—Henry's eyes and thoughts fixed upon the two forms which his uncle had pointed out as those of the sisters. Reaching the lawn-gate, they passed through it and were soon at the foot of the broad flight of steps leading to the gallery above. As he reached the floor next to his uncle, who had preceded him, Henry raised his eyes and saw Mrs. Lawton and her daughters advancing to meet them, the eagerness of the latter to meet their old and esteemed friend being of course restrained by the presence of a stranger. In that glance the last remains of his incredulity and scepticism vanished for ever, and instead of the ease and self-possession which he had thought would have been entirely on his side in the expected interview with his uncle's favorites, he felt almost all the restraint and bashfulness with which his imagination had invested them.

Saluting Mrs. Lawton first with respectful affection, Mr. Cameron then turned to her blooming daughters, and, with the privilege of his age and the fatherly esteem he felt for them, took them successively in his arms and imprinted a kiss upon their blushing cheeks. As he did so, Henry thought that, could he too enjoy the same privilege, he would be almost willing also to share the cause.

His uncle then introduced him as the nephew of whom he had so often spoken to them, expressing the hope that, on farther acquaintance, they would find him worthy of inspiring, and receive from them a portion of the regard, which he hoped and believed they felt for him. To this, of course, Mrs. Lawton replied politely and assentingly, and equally of course the young ladies did not reply at all; but Henry, who had not yet recovered all his ready confidence, and the kind consideration with which he imagined he should treat the "Belles of the Bay," fancied he saw an almost imperceptible smile flit across the charming countenance of Kate. What meaning or interpretation to give to that evanescent smile, he could scarcely determine; but as a guilty conscience always condemns us, he imagined that there was a sarcastic expression in it, which conveyed a suspicion on her part of both his past and present feelings, which now were so very dissimilar, as the few moments he had spent in their company convinced him of the entire correctness of his uncle's opinions of his fair and charming friends.

By degrees, the chagrin he felt at having underrated the old gentleman's judgment, from a feeling of superior powers of discrimination, wore off in his delight and enjoyment of the charming society in which he was thrown, and he recovered his usual fluency and ease. Addressing himself at first principally to Miss Lawton, he was not long in mentally acknowledging the fidelity and justness of his description and panegyric in her case also, and that her's was indeed a mind formed alike to delight and instruct. Gradually he derived his conversation from the mother to the daughter, and, though the replies of Rosa manifested a certain degree of timidity and diffidence, there was nothing of that painful embarrassment and bashfulness so often seen in young females brought up in seclusion, whilst those of Kate, though also modest and unassuming, were uttered with perfect self-confidence and ease.

Seeing his nephew thus pleasantly occupied, Mr. Cameron soon managed to attract the conversation of Mr. and Mrs. Lawton to Thompson and himself, leaving the young folks, as he said, to improve their acquaintance unintercepted. It was not long before they did so visibly, as is almost invariably the case where agreeable and sensible young people of the two sexes are thrown together, freed from the conventionalities, restraints and ceremonies so unnaturally and so unnecessarily imposed by the usages of what is called "par excellence" society. The penetration of Kate was not long in discovering that their young guest exhibited in his deportment and conversation nothing of that superciliousness with which she imagined he might probably be tainted, but, on the contrary, perfect frankness and good humor, and an evident desire to please and be pleased. Of course, as she could not know the real feelings which he had at first entertained, and which she had so correctly divined, but of which he was now so heartily ashamed, she met him in the same spirit of sociability, which soon resulted in a pleasant and lively conversation. Even Rosa's timidity was in a measure dispelled by Harry's friendly and unaffected manner, and she also occasionally joined in the conversation.

Harry rallied the young ladies on the advantage they had taken of him with the telescope—which, he declared, was quite unfair, as they did not meet afterwards on equal terms. He gave them a description of their journey to the lake, including the deer and tiger hunt, and his own perplexity at the strange cries of the panthers,—and he had the satisfaction of perceiving that Kate listened to him with considerable interest, particularly to the details of the short combat between the tiger and Hector, who, she said, was a great favorite of hers.

"Well, Mr. Grayson," said Lawton, who had also listened with a hunter's interest to the exciting story, "I declare I really envy you, for I have never yet been able to come up with one of those varmints, as our friend here terms them, as they seldom get as low down as the range in which I hunt. I see by your manner of relating your adventures that you are fond of hunting, and, as I know from experience, my other old friends are, I think we must embrace the opportunity of your visit to take a deer drive, which I have been promising my daughters they shall see."

"Oh yes, papa," cried Kate, "that will be delightful, and I am sure the gentlemen will be glad to give us an opportunity of witnessing their skill—won't you, Mr. Thompson?"

"Indeed, Miss Kate," replied Thompson, "I should like it mighty well, but I am afraid I can't do it this time. You see I promised my old woman (for so he called Cannady) that I would be back the day after to-morrow, and I'm afraid she'll be uneasy if I don't come."

"Oh pshaw! Mr. Thompson, that's all an excuse. I thought you had more gallantry than to refuse an invitation from a lady," said Kate.

"So I have, Miss Kate," replied Thompson, "unless I am obliged to. But you'll really have to let me off this time. I must get Mr. Harry here to fill my place."

"Are you fond of such sports, Miss Lawton?" asked Harry, at this allusion to him.

"Oh yes, indeed," said Lawton, answering for his daughter; "she has a strong notion of following the example of some of the heroines she has read of, and

"Roam the woods a huntress wild."

"Oh, papa," replied Kate, blushing, "how can you say so! You know only wished to see the hunt, not to participate in it."

"Well, my dear," said her father, "if our guests so decide, you shall soon be gratified."

Mr. Cameron and Harry expressed their approbation and pleasure at the proposed scheme; but Thompson still declared he was obliged to return, and Harry thought, as he watched the animated and expressive countenance of Kate, that, fond as he was of hunting, he had much rather be her companion as a spectator than an active participant in the sport.

The conversation between the elder gentleman now turned upon hunting, shooting and sporting matters in general, and was kept up for some time. Harry, meanwhile, devoted himself, as in duty bound, to the ladies. At last Lawton, who delighted in teasing his daughters, remarked to Mr. Cameron, "By-the-bye, uncle Davy, Kate has been acquiring a new accomplishment since you were here."

"Ah indeed," said the gallant old gentleman; "it must indeed be a new one, at least to me, for I think she was already a proficient in all I ever heard of."

"Oh no, indeed," said Lawton, laughing, "far from it, for you are a dabster at it yourself."

"Me!" replied Mr. Cameron; "why, what can it possibly be?"

"Shooting," said Lawton, without regarding the beseeching looks of his daughter. "She has been practising with my bird gun until, I think, she could bring down a snipe almost as certainly as you or I."

"Oh, papa," cried Kate, covered with blushes, "you know I only shot a few times and scarcely hit the newspaper you put up for a mark—and it is very unfair for you to inform on me."

"Come, Kate," said her father, "don't deny what you were so proud of—your own skill. You know you hit the black spot more than once."

"Indeed, my dear," remarked Mr. Cameron, who saw that the warm-hearted girl was really distressed at the exposure to a stranger of what might be deemed her unfeminine tastes and pursuits, "I am sure you ought to be proud of having overcome the usual dread of fire-arms experienced by your sex in general; for, some day or other it may be of use to you, improbable as such a thing now seems."

"That's what I told her myself," said Lawton. "I saw an account the other day, where some lady prevented her house from being robbed, by presenting a pistol at the thief."

Perceiving that, notwithstanding his uncle's justification and approbation of her taste for a rather masculine amusement, the subject was still unpleasant to Kate, Harry exerted himself to change it, and soon succeeded; and from that time until the late dinner hour he kept up a spirited and diversified conversation with the sisters, in the course of which he became more and more convinced of their fully deserving all the encomiums he had heard bestowed on them. As the humorous and sprightly disposition of Kate became more and more developed under their increasing acquaintance—which progressed rather in proportion to the friendship of the elder people than their own short acquaintance—he recollected the nickname she had given to old Peter, his own remark upon the relation of the circumstance, and also with some uneasiness of the old fellow's response.

After dinner, Mr. Cameron proposed a walk on the beach; and the whole party, with the exception of Lawton and Thompson, who had business together, were soon traversing its firm and even surface. The old gentleman and Mrs. Lawton walked and conversed together—leaving the young people again to entertain each other, which they accordingly did without any symptom of weariness appearing in either, until the gathering shades of night warned them to terminate their ramble and return to the house.

On returning to the parlor from tea, Mr. Cameron, taking a hand of each of the sisters, led them to the piano, saying that, as he had been deprived of their music so long, they must now make it up to him by playing until he told them he was tired. Without pretending to be a connoisseur in music, Harry had a soul sufficiently attuned to the melody of sweet sounds to listen in enrapture and delighted attention to the exquisite harmony which soon filled the room, as, separately and together, the sisters played and sang pieces after piece which they knew to be favorites of their old friend; and when at length they finished, Harry's look of ardent though silent admiration (which Kate encountered as she rose from the instrument) spoke more forcibly than the most eloquent words could have done the feelings of his soul, and suffused her face with the rosiest of blushes.

I shall not take up the time of my readers in attempting to describe the various incidents and occurrences of the next few days, as they could only be interesting as illustrating and portraying the thoughts and feelings of the actors. Suffice it, then, to say that Harry soon became completely domesticated in the family, and as Mrs. Lawton became better acquainted with him, the fear which had been excited in her breast at the thoughts of his visit would have vanished before his open and winning manners, even had they not been already greatly quieted by her husband's reasoning and advice; and she saw with maternal and natural pride the favorable impression which her beautiful daughters had made upon the mind of her youthful guest, perfectly satisfied to let matters take their own course, without agitating herself with vain or imaginary fears.

With Lawton, too, Harry soon became an especial favorite, as he found in him a congenial spirit in hunting and sporting matters; though it is possible that Harry might have affected a little more enthusiasm in such sports than he actually felt at that particular time. Rosa, who looked upon him as the adopted son of her kind and affectionate old friend, very readily and naturally began to regard him in the same light, without the thought ever crossing her innocent mind that he might possibly, in time, wish to become more than a friend to her. Indeed, from the moment of his arrival, with her usual humility, she had settled it in her own mind that he would, as she had before predicted, devote himself principally to Kate.

It has somewhere been remarked that young persons are very apt to be most pleased with those of the opposite sex near their own age, whose disposition and character are the most opposed to their own; but this is neither a general rule or even a frequent occurrence. Congenial spirits have certainly an attraction towards one another, and it was, therefore, nothing more than natural that Kate and Harry soon became fast friends. From friendship to love the transition is also perfectly natural and easy, particularly in cases such as I have described. In that particular case it was no less certain than natural and easy, at least on one side; and, in a week after his arrival, the young gentleman was as completely entangled in the net which the graces and beauty of his charming acquaintance had woven about him, as was possible for one of his rather mercurial temperament to be. His love, however, was not of the sighing or melancholy sort, and, though visible enough even to the most casual observer, had not as yet caused him any uneasiness or heart-aches. He was not coxcomb enough to imagine that he had already inspired a reciprocal sentiment, and was perfectly satisfied to enjoy the company and unconcealed partiality of his lovely enslaver, without risking the happiness he already enjoyed by a premature confession of his aspirations to a still higher place in her affections.

To say that Kate was entirely insensible of the admiration she had inspired, would be to accuse her of a want both of observation and understanding; but she, too, was perfectly willing to enjoy the present without anticipating the future. As before remarked, young Grayson's disposition and character were too congenial with her own not to excite a sympathy between them; and, as soon as she was convinced that no feelings of superiority or self-esteem existed in his mind, she became perfectly easy and natural in her manner to him, treating him as a valued friend, without inquiring too minutely of her heart, as their acquaintance progressed, whether her sentiments towards him were not assuming a somewhat warmer character, or wishing to receive from him an explicit declaration of feelings, which she could not but suspect.

In their walks, conversations, excursions on the lake, visiting the different islands on it, &c., he was always by her side; and she, on her part, unhesitatingly gave herself up to the delightful feelings excited in the youthful breast by the society of a kindred spirit of the opposite sex—a feeling perhaps even more really delightful than mutually confessed love, as it is freer from the jealous and exacting spirit of the latter passion.

CHAPTER XIV.

"As chief, who hears his warder call
To arms, the foe's storm the wall!"
The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprang from his heathery couch in haste,
But ere his feet career he took
The dew-drops from his flank he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed down the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry
That thickened as the chase drew nigh,
Then as the headmost fess appeared
With one brave bound the copse he cleared."—BURNS.

AMID the many amusements and occupations which filled up the time of the slanders and their guests for some days after the arrival of the latter, the projected deer hunt or drive was not forgotten, and, at length, a day was appointed

for it to take place. The yacht and pleasure boats of Lawton have already been alluded to. The former was a beautiful schooner, with a cabin handsomely fitted up for the accommodation of four or five persons. In this it was decided that the party should proceed to the mouth of the river above, and up it to the place selected by Lawton for the proposed hunt, taking the bounds and the one horse, or pony, required for the huntman or driver, a young Indian, a protégé of Lawton's, and his usual attendant on such expeditions when on the island, and his two negro boys or servants.

It was also decided that they should set out in the evening and ascend the river to the place of landing, and remain on board the yacht all night, so as to have the early part of the day for their sport. The appointed day having arrived, the hunting party embarked in high spirits on the little vessel, the hounds being coupled together and Lawton's hunting pony lowered into the hold, an operation to which he was perfectly accustomed, and so quietly submitted. A gentle breeze, hardly felt upon land, was sufficient to propel the light vessel, built expressly for sailing, pretty briskly along under the large surface of canvas spread on her spars, and the mouth of the river was reached after a delightful sail of some hours. From thence to the place of disembarking, some four or five miles farther up, their progress was much slower, and it was not till nearly dark that they reached their destination. Here the schooner was moored to the bank, near the position which the ladies and the marksmen were to occupy next day.

The horse and the hounds were now landed, and a large fire of dry logs and brush kindled on the bank of the river, which illuminated the deck of the yacht and lighted up a considerable space around. Seated under an awning spread over the after part of the schooner, the ladies and gentlemen conversed until a late hour. The girls were engaged by the novelty of their situation, and watched the effect of the glare of the fire upon the dark recesses of the forest, which, as the light was reflected from, or gleamed on the immense trunks of cypress and cotton wood trees which stood around, seemed to be converted into a succession of dark and fathomless caves. At length, mother and daughters retired to their couches below, and the gentlemen made their preparations for passing the night on deck beneath the awning. Soon all were wrapped in slumber and a deep silence prevailed around, broken only by the howlings of the owls—those noisy watchmen of the forest, an occasional howl from one of the coupled hounds, or a neigh from the pony to his comrades on the island below.

Hunters are not usually sluggards, and, as may be imagined, the party on the yacht hailed with delight the first blushes of dawn. Kate, indeed, had awakened long before, having scarcely slept at all; but, having failed to convince her mother and sister of the necessity of rising before they heard some symptoms of a stir upon deck among the gentlemen, she was forced impatiently to await their movement. Her father, however, who did not fully share her impatience, took matters much more leisurely. Breakfast was to be prepared, the pony was to be fed, and the guns examined and properly loaded. All this took time; but at last all was effected, and the ladies and their attendants quitted the yacht and walked to the scene of their expected amusement, which was only a short distance.

The situation chosen by Lawton for the hunt, was not only most admirably suited for its grand object of affording the fair spectators a perfect view of it, but also for every probability of success. It was a neck or point of land between the river and a bayou, which emptied into the lake. This bayou ran nearly parallel with the river, and terminated in a cypress swamp or morass. The point was in no place much over a mile in width, and, between the edge of the morass and the bank of the river, not more than two hundred yards across. It was here that the marksmen or standers, as they are called, were to be placed, and a short distance below them was the position of the spectators. As the ground was open and perfectly free from undergrowth, it was impossible for a deer to pass without being seen by them, and presenting a fair mark to the sportsmen above.

Mr. Cameron, Harry and Gustave, the Indian, were placed at the upper part of this narrow portion of the point, and Lawton conducted his wife and daughters a short distance below to the prostrate trunk of a large tree, on which they might sit until they heard the cry of the dogs, when, by standing upon it, they would have a complete view of the ground between the river and the morass, so that no animal larger than a rabbit could pass them unobserved. The standers were also in sight, as the space between them and the spectators was perfectly open, though just below them the swamp was covered with palmettos six or eight feet high.

Having thus placed his marksmen and lookers on, Lawton mounted his pony and started off, followed by his dogs, still in couples, for the lower portion of the neck, as he wished to get some distance down before starting, which they would be almost certain to do without being thus confined. He soon disappeared from his companions in the tall and thick palmettos, and, for some twenty or thirty minutes, an almost unbroken silence prevailed. Excited and interested at their position and expected enjoyment, the sisters had hardly exchanged a word with each other or their mother since their father's departure. In anxious suspense they had listened to the receding notes of his horn, sounded at intervals to keep the dogs together, hoping to hear them every moment exchanged for the cry of the hounds. At last even they ceased, and a profound silence followed, and they began to get impatient, particularly Kate.

"I declare," said she, "I am afraid that papa will not find a deer. It seems to me he has been gone long enough to get to the lake, and he told us, you know, mamma, that he should only go half way down, as he wanted to have two drives."

"But, Kate," said Rosa, "you know that papa also told us that he never hunted here without finding deer, and I do not think he has had time to go very far—do you, mamma?"

"Indeed, my dear," replied Mrs. Lawton, "I am hardly sufficiently acquainted with such matters to form an opinion; but I think with you, that your father has not been gone very long, and that, most probably, he will not be disappointed in his expectations. But, hark! what is that? I thought I heard something."

"Oh, that is nothing but the cooing of some doves in these tall trees; I heard it some moments ago, and was certain that it was the hounds," said Kate.

"Oh, no, Kate," replied Rosa, who had been listening with her ear bent towards the ground, "that is not the noise of doves. Listen! don't you hear several distinct sounds, some of them shriller than the others?"

As she spoke the sounds drew nearer and became more audible, and the sharp, shrill notes of the younger and female portion of the pack rose clear and distinct above the deep roaring bass of the remainder; whilst the united chorus of the pack sounded like the noise of a coming tempest sweeping through the quivering branches of the trees. Nearer and nearer came the exhilarating sounds, until treble, tenor, and bass rang out long and loudly through the forest, making a concert of sounds, far superior, in the ears of a hunter, to those proceeding from the most perfect orchestra in the world.

Trembling with excitement, with cheeks flushed and eyes sparkling, Kate and Rosa gazed eagerly towards the dense growth of palmettos that bounded the open space in which they stood, expecting every instant to see the hunted animals dash from their concealment. Could Henry, from his stand, have distinguished the animated and glowing countenance of his favorite, it is most probable that the deer would have encountered but little danger from his aim. Even Mrs. Lawton herself, calm as was her natural temperament, shared the excitement of her daughters, and looked eagerly in the direction of the approaching sounds.

Louder and louder grew the music of the pack, until the very air seemed to tremble with the continuous roar. The eyes of all were riveted in the direction from which it proceeded. Forth from the covert at last dashed two magnificent bucks, bounding over the tall palmettos into the open space, which they traversed with long, springing leaps, as if disdainful their noisy pursuers, and conscious of their ability to escape them, their graceful heads thrown back, and their spreading antlers almost resting on their sleek backs, whilst their snowy tails, erected and streaming in the breeze created by their own rapid motion, looked like the pennons of the gallant knights of old.

Swiftly, and seemingly unconscious of their presence, though they stood fully exposed, the graceful animals passed the little group of their admiring and harmless spectators, and approached the position of their unseen and silent enemies, far more dangerous than the noisy pack which they were leaving so far behind. But now their swift career was to be arrested and their proud flags to be lowered, though only in death.

Stepping from behind the tree, by which he had been hid from his advancing game, Harry, as they passed within forty or fifty paces of him, raised his gun, and conscious that the eye of one upon him who would most unsparringly rally an unsuccessful shot, he took a steady aim before firing. The convulsive spring which the buck gave, and the instantaneous drooping of his tail, assured him that his shot was fatal, and without using his other barrel, he fixed his eye upon his quarry and marked the course he took.

From his stand, some little distance farther up, Mr. Cameron had also witnessed his nephew's shot and the effects of it; and, suffering the wounded buck to pass him, he marked its companion for his aim. Instead, however, of wait-

ing, as Henry had done, for the buck to get opposite to him, he fired before it did so, thus reserving the opportunity of a second shot, in case the first did not prove fatal. This, however, was not necessary, for, at the report of the gun, the stricken animal sprang high into the air, and then fell heavily to the ground; and though it recovered its feet again, its strength only enabled it to stagger a few steps forward and drop almost at the feet of its destroyer, who soon ended its struggles with his hunting knife.

By this time the hounds had come up, and were with difficulty kept from the prostrate buck by the united efforts of the huntsmen. They soon, however, struck the spot of the wounded one, and, in a moment, the woods again resounded with their cry, which, however, was soon again stilled, for Harry's buck had also fallen a little distance off. Lawton had now also galloped up, and the two bucks were soon, in hunter's parlance, "butchered," and hung in trees, and the hounds again coupled, as only the upper portion of the neck had been hunted, and another drive was still to be taken in the lower part.

One of Lawton's boys was now directed by his master to mount his horse and take the dogs to the very lowest part of the neck before uncoupling them, and, as this would take some time, the gentlemen, settling down their guns at the foot of a tree, walked to the spot where the ladies were still standing.

"Well, girls," said Lawton, "what did you think of it? Was not that a burst of music, and a grand finale equal to any you ever read of?"

"Oh, papa," replied Kate, her eyes still sparkling, "it was delightful. The deer passed close by us, and I really think if I had brought the gun I might have shot one, that is if I could have made up my mind to fire at such magnificent creatures; for, when I saw them rush by so proudly, I felt like Rosa, that it was really a pity to shoot them."

"And what did you think of it, Rosa?" asked her father.

"Papa," replied Rosa, "I enjoyed it as much as Kate. The music, as you call it, was really very exciting, but (you may laugh at me if you will) I did wish that both the deer might escape, and was sorry when I saw one of them fall. I thought the other one had got off until I saw it also brought back."

"Well, if it had," said Lawton, "our sport would have been over for to-day, for it would have been impossible to get the dogs off; but now the best part is yet to come, for it is more than likely that you will see a dozen deer instead of two come out, as they generally lie down in the point, and I did not go more than half way before I uncoupled and hunted up."

"But, papa," said Rosa, "you certainly won't shoot any more. You have two now and that is surely enough, and to kill more would be a useless cruelty."

"Indeed, Miss Rosa," replied her father, laughing, "I am not going to be persuaded out of my shot. I have been working for your amusement, and now I must have mine; and there is Gustave, too, he has not had a shot. Besides if we did not kill another deer or two, we could not stop the dogs when they come out, and we might not get them back before night."

"Well," persisted Rosa, "at least there is no necessity for you all to shoot. You, Uncle Davy, and Mr. Grayson, have each killed one deer, and I think you ought to be satisfied."

"And so I am, Rosa, my dear," said Mr. Cameron. Harry, too, was very easily induced to share the humane scruples of Rosa and remain very resignedly by the side of Kate, while Lawton and the Indian took the stands.

After a much longer time had elapsed since the disappearance of the huntsman and his pack than in the first instance, again the faint and distant cry of the hounds was heard borne onward by the breeze. Deeper and deeper again swelled the chorus, and, again bursting from the covert, not one or two but literally a herd of deer rushed forth. Again a noble stag led the van, followed in quick succession by four or five others, and, as he passed the stand which had proved so fatal to his predecessors, the death dealing tube, aimed by the unerring hand and eye of Lawton, was levelled at him, and, at the report, he too bit the dust. Excited by the report, the hunter took aim at another; but the powder flashed in the pan, and the deer escaped. Another one, however, falling before the rifle of the Indian, he yelled loudly in triumph.

A number of does had followed close behind the bucks—each with a fawn bounding along by its side, some of which were beginning to assume the brown appearance of their dams, whilst others were of a bright sorrel, beautifully spotted with white.

"Oh, what beautiful creatures!" exclaimed the sisters, simultaneously. "How I wish I could only catch one!" continued Kate, and Harry almost felt tempted to start after them, in his ardent desire to gratify her slightest wish. A moment's reflection, however, served to convince him that love would hardly outstrip the diminutive but nimble animals, and he prudently did not make the attempt.

The hounds once more came in sight, and, gathering round the fallen deer, were once more secured in couples—thus ending the short but successful hunt, of which four fine bucks were the trophies. One by one they were transplanted on the back of the sturdy pony to the yacht, and the hunters and their fair companions again embarked on their return to the island, which they reached safely and in high spirits the same evening.

A few days more terminated the visit of the uncle and nephew, and they bade adieu to their friends, the young gentleman many fathoms deep in love—a love so obvious to all, that old Peter did not fail to notice and chuckle over it.

"Ha, Massa Hal," he said, "what think you ob smugger's darter, now?—but 'tain't no use. Miss Kate don't care no more for you than she does for Mr. Thompson, 'cepting just to muse herself," and though Harry's hopes gave the lie to the old fellow's assertion, it yet, nevertheless, annoyed him considerably.

What Kate's actual feelings were towards her lover, I must leave the reader to imagine from what has already been said; for, were I to say that she also loved, some of the fairer part of them might think that she was too easily won. But all of them, no doubt, have already decided that I shall not commit such a heresy in novel writing as not eventually to record such a consummation, so devoutly wished for, at least by her lover. For the present I shall only say that, in common with the rest of her family, she saw him depart with regret; since, upon the minds of all he had left a most favorable and pleasing impression.

With the departure of their guests, the reader must also bid adieu for a short time to the islanders, whilst other characters, soon to make their appearance in the same scene, are introduced to his notice.

(To be continued.)

JUST IN TIME.—A young physician, having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell upon the following expedient to set the ball rolling. He sprang upon his horse once a day, and drove at full speed through the village. After an absence of an hour he would return, and carry with him some of his instruments—thinking if he could impress his neighbors that he had practice, they would begin to place confidence in his ability. A wag, who more than suspected the deceit which he was practicing, determined to know the truth. He accordingly kept his horse in readiness, and the next time the doctor galloped by his door, sprang on his steed and placed himself on the young gentleman's trail. The doctor saw the man following at his heels, but did not, at first, evince any uneasiness. At length, however, he thought it advisable to turn down a narrow lane. The pursuer followed on like an evil genius; but the doctor was not discouraged, as another road lay a short distance ahead of him, down which he turned. The other kept close at his heels, and the doctor grew impatient to return home. There was no house by the way at which he could afford any pretext for stopping. In the mean time his saddle-bags were with him, and he was otherwise equipped for business, so that he could not return in the face of his neighbor without exposing the secrets of the trade in the most palpable manner. Every bound of his steed carried him farther from his home, and the shades of night began to fall on hill and tower. Still the sound of horses' hoofs was thundering in his ear, and he was driven to his wit's end; but just as he turned the angle of a wood, he heard a low moan. A man lay prostrate near the fence of a meadow, and blood gushed from a fearful wound in his arm. He had cut an artery with his scythe, and was in danger of immediate dissolution. The young doctor sprang from his horse and staunch the wound. Bandages were applied, and his life was saved. The pursuer had only thrown himself from his horse, and as the physician tied up the last bandage, he looked up in his face, and said, "How lucky, neighbor, that I was able to arrive just in time!" The wondering spectator was silent with awe, and after assisting the wounded man home, he told such a miraculous tale to the wondering villagers, as secured to the young physician a reputation not only for skill, but also for supernatural prescience. Thus did the merest accident contribute more to his advancement than years of studious toil could have done; and the impertinent curiosity of a waggish neighbor opened for him a path to business, which the most influential patronage might never have been able to provide for him.

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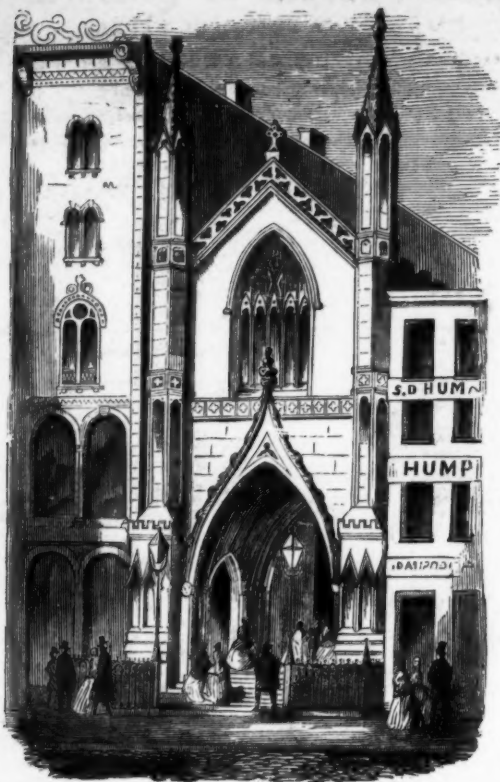
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ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF THE DIVINE UNITY.

REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

NEW YORK city possesses a number of eloquent ministers, gentlemen alike distinguished for moral as well as intellectual character, and who not only adorn the profession, but add interest to our great metropolitan centre. Among the most prominent is the Rev. E. H. Chapin, who happily combines the most genial social manners with the highest qualities which adorn a clergyman. Mr. Chapin is now in the prime of life; he was born December 29th, 1814, in Union Village, Washington county, state of New York. At the age of twenty-four he commenced his ministerial labors in Richmond, Va., two years afterwards he removed to Charlestown, Mass., then to Boston, and in 1848 settled in New York city, as pastor of the fourth Universalist society, now worshipping in what is known as the "church of the Divine Unity." Mr. Chapin is distinguished as an eloquent pulpit orator, as a public lecturer, and as an author. His literary labors are mostly of a moral and practical character, among

which are "Crown of Thorns," "Discourses on the Lord's Prayer," "Characters in the Gospels, illustrating phases of characters of the present day," "Moral Aspects of City Life," "Humanity in the City, etc." The two last named have been widely circulated, particularly among the young men of our country, and are unusually admired for the manner of their treatment and for their acknowledged usefulness. The Rev. Mr. Chapin has already secured to himself a national reputation, while his oratorical efforts in different parts of the country keep alive his fame. Among his finest efforts as a speaker are remembered his great speech in 1850 at Frankfort on the Maine, before the World's Peace Convention; at the Kossuth banquet; at the Publishers' Association festival, and at the opening of the Crystal Palace. As an advocate of temperance reform Mr. Chapin has no superior in this country, his views partaking of a broad character, which invests the subject with dignity, and carries alike the imagination and the judgment captive. Altogether, Mr. Chapin is a useful man, and his endeavor seems to be, to benefit his day and generation and leave some mark upon the age that he has not lived in vain.

His church, which is altogether one of the most convenient and pleasant in the city, is situated 543 Broadway; it was originally owned by the first Unitarian society. The front, which is quite attractive, is narrow, its object really being to afford a convenient entrance to the body of the church, which is in the rear. There is no attempt at display to the sacrifice of the comfort of the hearer. A fault may be mentioned, that it is too small to accommodate the regular members and the additional crowds of strangers, attracted by the fame of the pastor; rare indeed is that the "church of the Divine Unity," upon all occasions of stated worship, presents else than an overflowing congregation.

We are free to declare that we deem Mr. Chapin an extraordinary man; not because the multitude listen with so much interest to his oratory, for we have long since learned not to make this a criterion in judging of the real merits of a public speaker; but because of the intellectual as well as the physical and moral energy manifested in him. Find him where you will—in the pulpit or popular assembly, in our reform meetings, in the religious conference, at the social festival—he seems always in readiness to break forth into some strong, musical, and truthful strain, that shall find a response, not only in the gratified taste or fancy, but in the intellect and heart, of those who hear. His eloquence is of a kind "adapted to general use." It makes him welcome wherever



REV. E. H. CHAPIN. AMBROTTYPED BY BRADY.

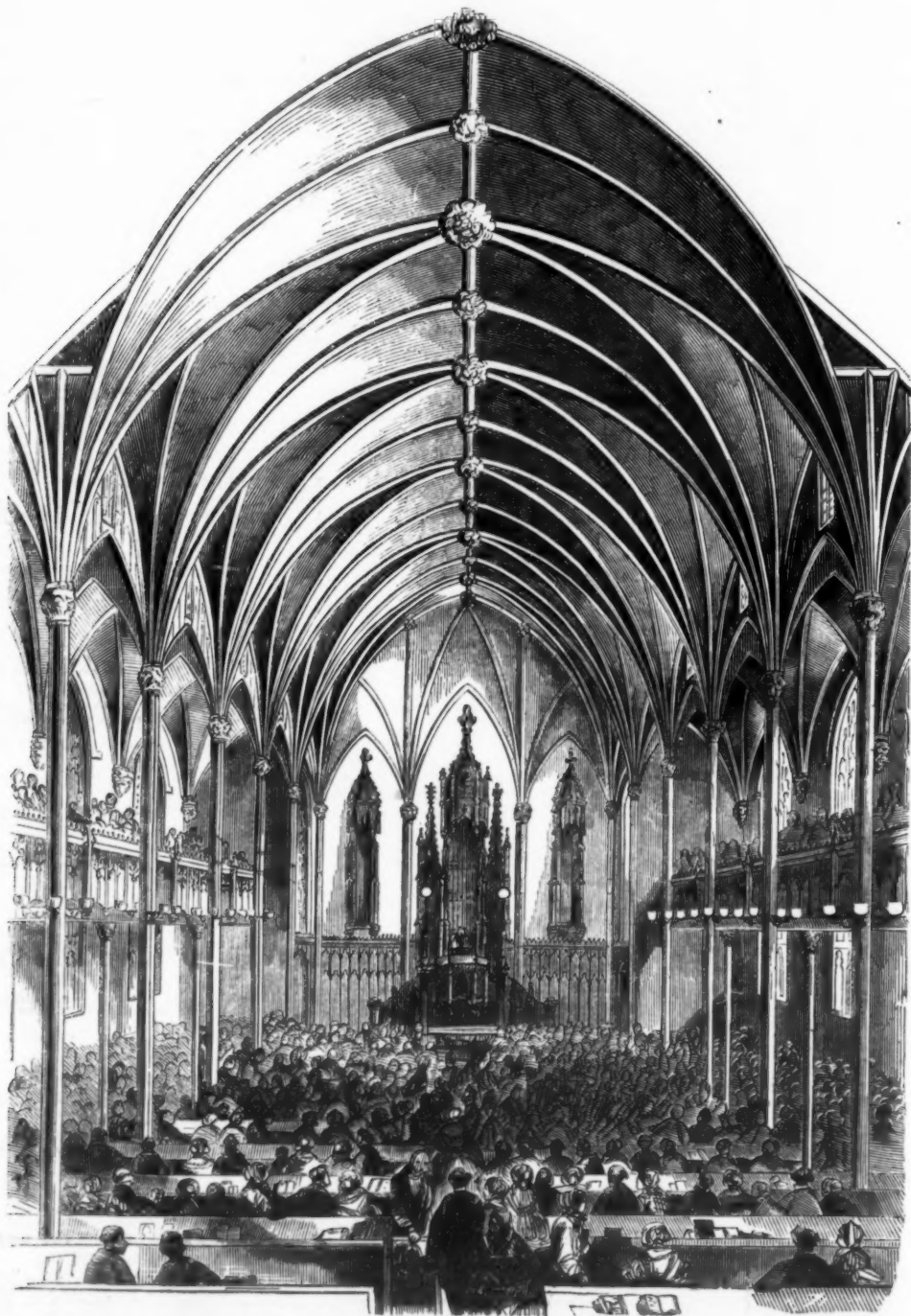
he appears in an expectant public assembly. No matter who else is to speak, the name of Mr. Chapin announced is a known indication of the interest, brief or protracted, that will follow. On various and widely differing occasions, this versatility of his genius as a public speaker has been well tested. We question whether there is any Christian minister in our community, whose public-speaking talents have been as extensively taxed, who has acquitted himself on all occasions with such uniform favor and honor.

As a pulpit orator, Mr. Chapin may not answer to the rules of pulpit oratory taught in books. He may transgress some of them. But that he has in him the very essentials of eloquence, and that he uses some of these with extraordinary power, will not be questioned by most of those who have heard him. His voice is one of the strongest—of great compass, rich, and melodious; his enunciation is remarkably distinct; and his action, though suited to his intense words, sometimes, perhaps, too vehement for the pulpit. Had he more moderation in certain parts of his discourse—more of the easy and conversational, at times—such an offset would be in grand keeping with his really stirring and eloquent passages. As it is, however, he cannot preach without strong effect. If there is monotony in his voice, you lose it in his noble thoughts, well-chosen and forcible and often burning words, and continual action. He is all alive, and keeps his hearers so. Often, when filled with his theme, and roused to strong inspiration therewith, will he hold an audience spell-bound, swaying them as the swift wind does the forest or the grain-field. This—despite all books, all rules, all criticisms—this is eloquence; and though certain manifestations of it may be better adapted to some other sphere than the pulpit, still it cannot fail of its wonderful effect even there.

As a writer, Mr. Chapin evinces that strength and beauty greeting us in his oratory. He will bear reading, as well as hearing. There is a freshness, an ease and unwavering energy, in his pen, which leads the reader "captive at will." It is not that new and startling truths are so often advanced; it is not that we are consulting a peculiarly original thinker; it is because he writes old profitable truth and common sense with such brilliancy and gorgeousness, that we admire him. He is a most excellent dresser of an ordinary idea, or he will give pleasing introduction and effect to a rare one. This is one great secret of his power with the pen. Other writers can get as much good substance into an oration or sermon; but few can do it with a more admirable rhetorical power. His representations of ideas are living, actual, standing out in pictures of boldest light and shade, and now and then of rare tinting.

Mr. Chapin always interests, because he always instructs. Sympathizing with the world of man, and striving only to purify and ennoble men by precept and example, without bitterness, without arrogance, and without dogma, he entitles himself to their confidence and respect. They come before him, and beholding that he is not a mercenary workman, pandering to prejudice or fashion; nor a bigot, denouncing whatever does not tally with his conceit—and over all this, commending his noble thoughts by the graces of his eloquence—he disarms them of creed and sectism, and they go forth feeling that there is a good and a beauty in life, and in all things connected with life, if men will only be brothers—if they will fulfill that brief and simple teaching, "Love God and love one another." Mr. Chapin is an earnest believer in the world's progress, and that it progresses upward as well as forward, and that it has mighty missionaries out of as well as in the pulpit.

In the prime of life and in the fullness of his powers, what a harvest of beautiful and blessed work may not be hoped hereafter from such a man? Master of the willing ear of multitudes, what is there left for him but to mould their hearts—to go on scattering the seed of a nobler intellectual and spiritual life in the quick and panting soul of the age, eager to be free from conventional and sectarian chains. What has he to do, or what can he do better than to persevere in doing what he has already, so noble done—preaching the truth with a true man's heart, with a poet's spirit, and with an orator's tongue! Let him keep on preaching the truth, whether he finds his text in the Bible, in nature, in society, in revolution, or in reform. It shall be on his lips a mightier weapon for the world's weal than Cossack lance or Turkish cimeter, or whatever shape of steel the mailed warrior may flash on his foe. Let him preach the truth, whether he sees it revealed in the iron steed panting on the iron track, in the wake of white-winged fleets, in great marts where industry and enterprise exhibit their trophies, in the van of social or other reform, in high places or low, be it popular or unpopular, and he shall cause thousands and tens of thousands to rejoice, and to be disenthralled, and lifted up, and ennobled, and shall win and wear laurels of earth only less fair and beautiful than the diadems that shine on the foreheads of glorified spirits, who, having fought the good fight and kept the faith among men, have thereafter place in heaven at the right hand of God.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE REV. E. H. CHAPIN'S "CHURCH OF THE DIVINE UNITY," BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.